

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## CONTENTS.

I. MEMOIRS OF SAINT-SIMON, . . . .	<i>Quarterly Review,</i> . . . .	515
II. HER DEAREST FOE. By the author of "The Wooing O't." Part VIII., . . . .	<i>Temple Bar,</i> . . . .	538
III. THE PLACE OF GEOGRAPHY IN PHYSICAL SCIENCE, . . . .	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i> . . . .	552
IV. THE DILEMMA. Part XIII., . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . . .	561
V. NATURAL RELIGION. Part IV., . . . .	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i> . . . .	567
VI. GEOGRAPHICAL EXPEDITIONS, . . . .	<i>Spectator,</i> . . . .	573
POETRY.		
THE GOLDEN LADDER, . . . .	514	HAPPY AND WHOLE, . . . . 514
SILENCE AND THE VOICES OF MEN, . . . .	514	
MISCELLANY, . . . .		576

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## THE GOLDEN LADDER.

WHEN torn with passion's insecure delights,  
By love's sweet torments, ceaseless changes,  
worn,  
As my swift sphere full twenty days and nights  
Did make ere one slow morn and eve were  
born;

I passed within the dim sweet world of flowers,  
Where only harmless lights, not hearts, are  
broken,  
And weep but the sweet-watered summer  
showers—  
World of white joys, cool dews, and peace  
unspoken.

I started even there among the flowers,  
To find the tokens mute of what I fled,  
Passions, and forces, and resistless powers,  
That have upturn the world, and stirred the  
dead.

In secret bowers of amethyst and rose,  
Close wrapped in fragrant golden curtains  
laid,  
Where silver lattices to morn uncloze,  
The fairy lover clasps his flower-maid.

Patient she yields to his caresses' strength,  
And in her simple bosom 'neath fair skies  
Love's sweetness bears, till, giving birth at  
length,  
She shuts her tender lids, and sweetly dies.

Ye blessed children of the jocund day!  
What mean these mysteries of love and  
birth?  
Caught up like solemn words by babes at play,  
Who know not what they babble in their  
mirth.

Or of one stuff has some Hand made us all,  
Baptised us all in one great sequent plan,  
Where deep to ever vaster deep may call,  
And all their large expression find in man?

Flowers climb to birds, and birds and beasts  
to man,  
And man to God, by some strong instinct  
driven;  
And so the golden ladder upward ran,  
Its foot among the flowers, its top in heaven.

All lives man lives; of matter first, then tends  
To plants, an animal next unconscious, dim,  
A man, a spirit last, the cycle ends,  
That all creation weds with God in him.

And if he fall, a world in him doth fall,  
All things decline to lower uses; while  
The golden chain that bound the each to all,  
Falls broken in the dust, a linkless pile.

And love's fair sacraments and mystic rite  
In nature, that their consummation find  
In wedded hearts, and union infinite  
With the divine, of married mind with mind,

Foul symbols of an idol temple grow,  
And sun-white love is blackened into lust,  
And man's impure doth into flower-cups flow,  
And the fair kosmos mourneth in the dust.

O Thou, outtopping all we know or think,  
Far off yet nigh, outreaching all we see,  
Hold Thou my hand, that so the topmost link  
Of the great chain may hold, from us to  
Thee;

And from my heaven-touched life may down-  
ward flow  
Prophetic promise of a grace to be;  
And flower, and bird, and beast, may upward  
grow,  
And find their highest linked to God in me.  
Macmillan's Magazine. ELLICE HOPKINS.

## SILENCE AND THE VOICES OF MEN.

"Le silence éternel de ces espaces infinis m'effraie."  
—Pascal.

WHAT was there in that silence that could  
scare  
Thy eagle spirit, Pascal, strong to scale  
The mount of God, to heights within the veil,  
Even on the worn wings of its own despair?

I rather — if a moment I may dare  
Place thought of mine, all light and bubble-  
frail,  
By thought of thine — I rather grow more pale  
Through stress of trouble and consuming care,  
When listening to man's Babel voices rise,  
Or far or near, from the abyss of time,  
Where every age, and race, and creed, and  
clime,

Is many-mouthed and voluble, and cries  
Discord and doubt forever, with the roar  
As of a starless sea that has no shore.

Examiner. FRANK T. MARZIALS.

## HAPPY AND WHOLE.

SIGH not for me, O never sigh for me,  
Tender and true! since tongue can never tell  
Half my content in your felicity,  
For you are happy and whole, and all is well.  
God's alms wherewith my daily bread is  
bought,  
Strait casement letting in my livelong day,  
Sweet words, the blossom of a blessed thought,  
"Happy and whole, happy and whole are  
they."

Divine reproachful voice at dead of night,  
"Happy and whole are they, how canst thou  
weep?"

My lids are toucht by fingers feathery-light,  
And love that never slumbers gives me sleep.  
See how your joy is mine, both night and day,  
Your joy is mine, sigh none of it away.

MARY BROTHERTON.

Macmillan's Magazine.

From The Quarterly Review.  
MEMOIRS OF SAINT-SIMON.\*

WE wonder why the ingenious gentleman who recently published a series of essays on "famous books" little read, did not include the "Memoirs of Saint-Simon," one of the most striking specimens of the class. Considering their widespread renown and extraordinary merit, it is quite startling to find how few, at least in this country, of even the cultivated or literary class, have attempted a regular conscientious perusal, or indeed have done more than glance over a few chapters in an idle desultory way. The portentous length, the vast extent of ground to be got over, is one reason. Nineteen volumes, averaging from four hundred and fifty to five hundred closely-printed pages each, are enough to stagger the most eager amateur of bygone scandal or the most resolute searcher after the neglected truths of history.

But there have been other reasons for the tardy acceptance of these memoirs, for their long-delayed and still limited popularity, besides their length. They present in this respect a curious contrast to the memoirs which have made most noise in our time—memoirs written in obvious imitation of them, and falling as far short of the almost avowed model in knowledge of subject, insight into character, fine observation, and descriptive or analytic power, as in piquancy and originality. Mr. Charles Greville's journals were published within ten years of his death, when the scandals they commemorated were fresh, at least fresh enough to injure or annoy: when the abundant depreciation and abuse could be keenly felt by the victims or their families, and as keenly relished by contemporaries always more alive to satire or censure than to praise: when envy, jealousy, ill-nature, vanity, morbid love of gossip, every weakness or bad quality of the human heart or mind (not excepting disloyalty), could be

called into action to create a factitious interest in a book.

Now, the memoirs of Saint-Simon do not come down further than 1723: he did not die till 1755; and immediately after his death, the government laid an embargo on them on the plea that, he having filled a diplomatic mission, they must be partly of an official character. During many years it was only by special favour that friends of the minister for the time being obtained a sight of the manuscript, which consisted of eight large folio volumes of very close writing, all in the author's own hand. Partial access was permitted to Duclos and Marmontel, in their capacity of historiographers; and M. de Choiseul lent some of the volumes to Madame du Deffand. According to the Marquis de Saint-Simon, "it was only in 1788, and on the eve of the revolution, that the Abbé Soulavie obtained leave to make some extracts and publish some fragments: a supplement, which he added in 1789, was followed by some other publication equally truncated."\* According to Sainte-Beuve, "it was starting from 1784 that the publicity of the memoirs began to make progress; but timidly, stealthily, by disconnected anecdotes and by bits. From 1788 to 1791, then later in 1818, there appeared successively extracts more or less voluminous, mutilated, and garbled." The Marquis de Créquy, apropos of one of these compilations, wrote February 7, 1787, to Senac de Meilhan: "The 'Memoirs of Saint-Simon' are in the hands of the censor; of six volumes they will hardly make three, and it is enough." Again, September 28, 1788: "I apprise you that the 'Memoirs of Saint-Simon' are out, but much mutilated, if I am to judge from what I have seen in three

\* *Mémoires du Duc de Saint-Simon. Publiés par MM. Chéruel et Ad. Regnier, fils, et collectionnés de nouveau pour cette édition sur le manuscrit autographe. Avec une notice de M. de Sainte-Beuve.* Paris, librairie Hachette et Cie. 1873-1875 (Nineteen volumes, without the index).

\* Advertisement to the edition of 1842, edited by the Marquis de Saint-Simon, the representative of the family through a collateral branch, and the possessor of the original manuscript. All Saint-Simon's manuscripts were left by will to a cousin of the same name, the Bishop of Metz, without specifying the memoirs. Soulavie's principal publication was "*Œuvres complètes du Duc de Saint-Simon, contenant ses Mémoires sur le règne de Louis XIV, sur la régence du Duc d'Orléans et sur le règne de Louis XV, etc.*" 13 vols., 8vo. Paris, 1790. In the "*Biographie Universelle*" it is termed "the most precious and the only authentic publication of this *littérateur*."

great green bundles (*tapons*), and there were six. Madame de Turpin died : there I stuck fast : it is badly written, but our taste for the age of Louis XIV. renders the details precious to us."

In much the same tone Madame du Deffand had written to Walpole (December 2, 1770): "'The Memoirs of Saint-Simon' are always amusing; and as I prefer reading them in company, the perusal will last long. It would amuse you, though the style is abominable and the portraits ill-drawn. The author was not a man of talent (*homme d'esprit*), but as he was *au fait* of everything, the things he relates are curious and interesting; I wish I could get you the reading of them."

Few writers suffer more than Saint-Simon from being read in fragments; his effects depend on the fulness and completeness of his narratives and delineations; and we are therefore not surprised at the disadvantageous impression of the general public at the earlier periods of their acquaintance with him. But Madame du Deffand's estimate was formed from the original manuscript; and we know no plausible mode of accounting for it except that suggested by Sainte-Beuve, who remarks that "the style of Saint-Simon was too pointedly revolting to the habits of written style in the eighteenth century, and was spoken of pretty nearly as Fénelon spoke of the style of Molière and 'this multitude of metaphors not far removed from *galimatias*.' All the fine world of that time had done their rhetoric more or less in Voltaire."

In other letters, Madame du Deffand's admiration rises to enthusiasm: she tells Walpole that, if present at the readings, he would experience ineffable pleasure, that he would be fairly beside himself with delight; although she must have known that Walpole, the most fastidious of critics, was the least likely of her whole round of lettered correspondents to be amused by ill-drawn portraits in an abominable style. Voltaire, too, piqued by a contemptuous reference to himself, or foreseeing how much his superficial "*Siccle de Louis XIV.*" must eventually suffer from collation, did his best to undermine the coming influence and authority of the

memoirs, by announcing an intention to refute on their publication everything that had been inspired by prejudice or hate. Had he lived to execute this intention, he might certainly have hit many blots which the author has frankly told us would probably be discovered in his work. In a *conclusion*, which might serve for a preface, he says:—

Next for impartiality: this point, so essential, and regarded as so difficult, I fear not to say impossible, for one who writes what he has seen and mixed in. We are charmed by straightforward and true people: we are irritated by the rogues who swarm in courts; we are still more so against those who have injured us. The stoic is a fine and noble chimera. I do not then pique myself on impartiality, it would be vain. . . . At the same time I will do myself this justice, that I have been infinitely on my guard against my affections and my aversions, and most against the latter, so as not to speak of the objects of either without the balance in hand, to exaggerate nothing, to distrust myself as an enemy, to render an exact justice, and place the purest truth in broad relief. It is in this manner that I feel confident I have been entirely impartial, and I believe there is no other mode of being so.

Saint-Simon lived thirty-two years after the conclusion of the memoirs, and was constantly employed in correcting and completing them. They contain no flying rumours: no transitory impressions: no hasty, ill-considered, inconsistent views of men or events. He sets down nothing that he has not carefully verified or thoroughly thought out.

As regards the exactitude of what I relate, it is made clear by the memoirs themselves that almost all is taken from what has passed through my hands, and the rest from what I have known through those who had managed the things I report. I name them; and their names as well as my intimate connection with them are beyond suspicion. That which I have learned from an inferior source, I mark; and that of which I am ignorant, I am not ashamed to own. In this fashion the memoirs are authentic at first hand. Their truth cannot be called in doubt; and I believe I may say that there have hitherto been none comprising a greater number of different matters, more weighed, more detailed, or forming a more instructive or more curious group. As



I shall see nothing of it, this concerns me little; but if these memoirs see the light, I doubt not of their exciting a prodigious revolt.

If they had been published in full at any period prior to the revolution of 1789, the revolt, the outcry, with the resulting sale and circulation, would have been prodigious. But they were kept back till not only the personages who figure in his pages, but the society, the class interests, the entire state of things of which he treats, had died out or been swept away: till their attraction was purely historical or literary, without a wounded self-love or a gratified vanity to add to it. The publication of the first complete edition was not commenced till 1829.

The sensation [says Sainte-Beuve] produced by the first volume was very lively; it was the greatest success since that of Walter Scott's novels. A curtain was suddenly withdrawn from the finest monarchical epoch of France, and we were present like spectators at the representation. But this success, interrupted as it was by the revolution of 1830, was obtained more in the so-called world (of Paris) than in the public, which it reached at a later period and by degrees.

This edition satisfied the public demand till 1842, and one cause of its limited success was the erroneous principle on which it was based. In neglect or defiance of Buffon's maxim, "*Le style, c'est l'homme*," the editors had taken upon themselves to correct the style to the extent of destroying its individuality and materially impairing its force. There can be no stronger proof of the enormity of their error than the marked rise in the reputation of the writer in exact proportion as he was allowed to speak in his own pointed, coloured, incisive, picturesque, tangled, and irregular language, through which the meaning flashes like lightning through clouds. Observing this, the editors at length made up their minds to present him, as Cromwell insisted on being painted, with his blotches.

This new edition [so runs the advertisement] is not a simple reproduction of that which was published in 1836-58. M. Ad. Regnier,  *fils*, sub-librarian of the Institute, has made, to establish the text, a scrupulous re-

vision of the autograph manuscript of the author, which has been followed throughout with the greatest fidelity. Even where in this manuscript the errors were evident, he has only corrected them by warning the reader each time by a note; and he has placed between brackets the words which Saint-Simon had omitted through haste. The expressions, the turns, the inaccuracies, which might offer difficulty, are explained by notes. In a word, this new edition may be considered as the most exact reproduction that has hitherto been made of an author who, in spite of his grammatical irregularities, has deserved to be placed in the number of the great writers of France.

To convey an impression of his peculiarities we shall translate as literally as is consistent with a due regard to idiom; and it should be kept in mind that he was fully conscious of his defects. The last paragraph of the *conclusion* runs thus:—

I was never of an academic turn, and I have been unable to get rid of the habit of writing rapidly. *To render my style more correct and more agreeable by correcting it, this would be to recast all the work, and this labour would be beyond my strength, it would run the risk of being "ingrat."* To correct well what one has written, one must know how to write well; it will easily be seen here that I have had no right to pique myself on it. I have thought only of the exactness and the truth. I venture to say that both are found strictly in my memoirs, that they are the law and the soul of them, and that the style merits a benign indulgence on their account. There is so much the more want of it that I cannot promise it better for the continuation which I propose to myself.

This paragraph will be found to have an important bearing on a question touching the plan, commencement, and completion of the work, which was raised by the publication of Dangeau's journal with the so-called additions by Saint-Simon.\* Beginning with 1684, and ending with the author's death in 1720, this journal comprises a brief barren record of the incidents of each day noted down each even-

\* *Journal du Marquis de Dangeau, publié en entier pour la première fois par MM. Soult, Dussieux, de Chennevières, Mantz, de Montaignon, avec les Additions inédites du Duc de Saint-Simon, publiées par M. Feuillet de Conches. Dix-neuf tomes. Paris, 1854-1860.*

ing. "It is difficult" (remarks Saint-Simon) "to conceive how a man could have the patience and the perseverance to write such a work every day for more than fifty years,\* so meagre, so dry, so constrained, so cautious, so literal, to write only rinds of the most repulsive aridity." Saint-Simon states that he did not see the journal till after Dangeau's death; and it did not come into the possession of the Duc de Luynes, who gave him his interleaved copy, till 1729, six years after the formal conclusion of Saint-Simon's memoirs and thirty-eight years after their commencement.

Nothing is more common than for a man partially to resume a subject on which he has already written, or on taking up the life or diary of a contemporary, to dash off notes in amplification or correction of statements that excite or irritate him. Swift's marginal notes on Burnet are a familiar example. The perusal of Dangeau's journal must have recalled many a half-forgotten episode, or occasionally opened a flood-tide of associations, which Saint-Simon hastened to fix without pausing to see whether this was not a superfluous labour. It would be, when so carried away, that he would be most liable to repetition or irregularity.† "When," says Sainte-Beuve, "he writes notes and commentaries on the journal of Dangeau, he writes as one does for notes, flying (*à la volée*), heaping up and crowding the words, wishing to say everything at once and in the shortest space. I have elsewhere compared this petulance and this precipitation of things under his pen to an abundant spring struggling and bubbling through a narrow channel." Speaking of the effect of an abundance of ideas on style, Swift says: "So people come faster out of a church when it is almost empty than when a crowd is at the door."

It may readily be granted that, in the final revision of his memoirs, Saint-Simon turned these notes to account or borrowed some dates and facts from the journal; but that these notes or additions were the basis of his memoirs, or that he was indebted to any appreciable extent to Dangeau for their conception or mode of execution, strikes us to be an utterly untenable theory. Yet the editors of Dangeau (five in number) concur in stating that

"the additions of Saint-Simon form incontestably the first thought of his magnificent memoirs;" and amongst other startling propositions in Mr. Reeve's elaborate essay, entitled "Saint-Simon," in his "Royal and Republican France," we find that "without Dangeau the memoirs of Saint-Simon would perhaps never have existed in their complete form:" that "these notes (the additions) must be regarded as the basis of the memoirs;" and that "the fact that the memoirs were written subsequently to the additions is proved by innumerable circumstances to which we shall presently have occasion to refer."\*

The passages cited by Mr. Reeve to prove that the memoirs were constructed upon the alleged basis are, 1st, an extract from Dangeau in which he dryly recapitulates the proceedings at Versailles on January 1st, 1696: 2nd, an extract from Saint-Simon's notes, in which apropos of a name, Lanti, he runs off into some biographical details about the Duke Lanti and his family: 3rd, an extract from the memoirs in which the pedigree and connections of the same family are recapitulated and (referring to a well-known fact stated in the journal but not mentioned in the notes) the usurpation of a privilege is explained. Now why might not Saint-Simon have written the passages in the memoirs before he saw the journal? and why forty years afterwards might he not have hastily scribbled off a note in which the same topic is introduced? or what, in any alternative, would be the amount of his obligations to Dangeau? But Mr. Reeve thinks this specimen decisive and enough. "It would be tedious," he continues, "to pursue this species of comparison any further, but every page of these vast collections might furnish similar examples. Dangeau supplies the simple fact, succinctly stated with chronological accuracy, and we believe that Saint-Simon seldom names a person or relates an occurrence (except those personal to himself) which do not occur in Dangeau's diaries; but he immediately amplifies the event. He breathes life into those dead figures."

There is absolutely nothing in this coin-

\* To account for this discrepancy, it has been suggested that Dangeau may have kept a journal prior to the date of that which has been preserved.

† He occasionally relates the same incidents twice over in the "Memoirs"—e.g., the quarrel between Louis and Louvois about the window.

\* "Royal and Republican France: a series of Essays reprinted from the Edinburgh, Quarterly, and British and Foreign Reviews. By Henry Reeve, Corresponding Member of the French Institute. In two volumes. 1872." The essay on Saint-Simon is reprinted from the *Edinburgh Review* for January, 1864. It is therefore weighed with the double authority of a widely-circulated review and a distinguished name in literature.

cidence, considering that the two men were dealing with the same period, the same society, and the same class of occurrences. Moreover, as put by Mr. Reeve, the constantly recurring coincidence proves too much. Are we to consider as posterior to the perusal of the journal, and first suggested by it, all those portions of the memoirs which treat of persons or occurrences mentioned by Dangeau? If so, how much original matter would be left?

After some depreciating remarks on Dangeau, Saint-Simon adds:—

With all this, his memoirs are full of facts not noticed in the gazettes; they will gain value as they grow old; *they will be of great use to any one who seeks to write with more solidity for an accurate chronology and to avoid confusion.*

Here Mr. Reeve thinks he has Saint-Simon on the hip. "It is impossible," he says, "to acquit him of some want of candour in this reference to a work by which he himself largely benefited. Nobody would infer from this passage, and indeed the discovery has only been made very recently, that Saint-Simon alludes to himself in the sentence we have printed in italics. He it was who, undertaking to write the history of the period with greater solidity, condescended to borrow from Dangeau at least the chronological order of his narrative. But before we enter upon the proof of this curious species of plagiarism (if so it can be called) we must trace the history of the journal itself."

To assert that Saint-Simon largely benefited by the work is begging the whole question. In saying that it will be of great use for an accurate chronology, he merely means, of great use in verifying dates. How does this show that he borrowed the chronological order of his narrative? And what is that chronological order? Neither more nor less than the ordinary succession of days, months, and years. Can this be a subject of copyright? Is it not common property? As well accuse a writer who was verifying dates of plagiarizing from the court circular or an almanack.

Strange to say, Mr. Reeve, who lays so much stress on coincidence and chronological order, has fallen into a chronological error which materially affects his calculation. "It may deserve to be noted that the memoirs of Saint-Simon are not the memoirs of his life, nor did he ever intend that they should embrace the whole of that protracted period. They commence in 1695 with his entry into public

life; they end in 1723 with the death of the regent. The whole extent of them, therefore, is confined to twenty-eight years; although Saint-Simon lived thirty-two years after the event at which he brought them to a close." They commence with his entry into public life (*i.e.* the army) early in 1691. The event at which he brought them to a close occurred on the 21st December, 1723. They therefore comprise thirty-three years, wanting two or three months. Mr. Reeve also states "that the first ten chapters of the memoirs are remarkably incoherent, as if the author had not yet settled the plan he was finally to adopt." These ten chapters include 1691, 1692, 1693, and part of 1694, years which Mr. Reeve ignores altogether in his computation. They include the fractions which Saint-Simon submitted to the Abbé de la Trappe, with a tolerably clear indication of his plan. The memoirs prior to 1695 comprise fourteen chapters, filling two hundred and twenty pages.

It is admitted that "the materials to be found in the additions were by no means all employed in the composition of the memoirs; on the contrary, the earlier [was it earlier?] work is a store of fresh matter frequently of the liveliest interest." Surely if the additions had formed the basis of the memoirs, most of this matter of the liveliest interest would have been worked up in them; and the residuum would hardly have invited the editorship of a highly distinguished man of letters like M. Feuillet de Conches.\*

There is extant a letter from Saint-Simon to the Abbé de la Trappe, dated the 29th March, 1699, in which, after referring to a former communication to the effect that, for some time past, he had been working on "a set of memoirs" of his life, he requests advice as to the best manner of speaking of himself, and encloses his narrative of the Luxembourg suit as a specimen.

This, I think, is the sharpest and bitterest thing in my memoirs, yet I have endeavoured to adhere to the most exact truth. I have copied it from them where it is recorded here and there, according to the time at which we pleaded, and I have put it all together; and instead of speaking openly, *as in my memoirs*

\* "We publish the additions of Saint-Simon to the journal of Dangeau. These have been sometimes inserted in his memoirs, but modified, and most frequently Saint-Simon has not reproduced them. The additions of Saint-Simon, which we publish, are thus in very great part unpublished." (Advertisement of the editors of Dangeau.) This goes far to decide the question.

*themselves*, I name myself in this copy as I name others, so that I may hereafter keep it and use it without appearing to be the author. I have also added two of my portraits as specimens of the rest.\*

This letter and the specimens prove incontestably that, as regards form, method, and substance, the memoirs for the first eight years were originally composed as they were definitely left, and there is no ground for supposing that a different method was adopted for the rest. It is also clear that the change from the first person to the third was confined to the narrative of the Luxembourg suit. Yet Mr. Reeve, commenting on this letter, says: "It may be inferred, also, that although his memoirs were noted at the time in the first person, he afterwards, in recopying them, adopted the third person, and fused the separate passages of the narrative together. In the additions to Dangeau, he always speaks of himself as the Duc de Saint-Simon; but in the final copy of the complete memoirs he again uses the first person throughout in speaking of himself." Saint-Simon distinctly states that the labour of recasting what he wrote was beyond his strength; yet, according to Mr. Reeve, he must have recast his writings three or four times over, besides changing the person throughout from no apparent motive but caprice, and then changing it back again.

Rogers during the latter years of his life devoted so much time and care to rewriting and correcting his verses with a view to the preservation of his fame, that he was compared to an old bear keeping itself alive by sucking its paws. Horace Walpole got back the originals of his letters to Sir Horace Mann, carefully collated them with the copies he had regularly kept, added a few touches, and left a fair transcript (mostly in his best handwriting) for posterity — represented as we write by the fair owner of Strawberry Hill, who is obliged to keep the precious deposit under lock and key, lest sundry passages, never yet profaned by print, should be surreptitiously copied by some unprincipled guest and connoisseur.

Saint-Simon, judging from the condition

\* In reference to this communication, Mr. Reeve says: "It is one of the strangest facts of this history that the tremendous revelations of the courts of kings and of the heart of man which lay buried for nearly a century from the world, should have been whispered for the first time in a cell of La Trappe." Saint-Simon's confidential communications with La Trappe ended with the life of his friend, the founder, who died October 26th, 1700; so that, if these tremendous revelations were first whispered at La Trappe, they could hardly have been suggested by Dangeau.

of his manuscript, followed a similar course: he sometimes availed himself of subsequently acquired knowledge to complete a biographical notice or an historical summary; but to contend that, because an occurrence posterior to 1730 is mentioned or introduced, the whole or the greater part of the memoirs must have been written subsequently to that date, is what Partridge would call a *non sequitur*: a logical device of which we have had abundant examples in this controversy. Saint-Simon mentions Voltaire as "*devenu grand poëte et académicien*." Voltaire did not become an Academician till April 1746. Are we to conclude that the memoirs were not in existence before then?

Mr. Reeve writes with confidence and authority: French critics of note have taken the same side; and Saint-Simon's place in literature depends on the adoption or rejection of their theory. We had therefore no alternative but to state and examine the grounds on which it rests.

Although Saint-Simon, contrary to his avowed intention in 1723, left his memoirs incomplete, they comprise all the stirring and active passages of his life; and a brief recapitulation of these strikes us to be the best mode of conveying a correct impression of his character and position, an accurate understanding of which is indispensable to a just appreciation of his writings.

He was born, he tells us, on the night of the 15th January, 1675, the only son of Claude, Duc de Saint-Simon, peer of France, by a second wife, Charlotte de l'Aubespine. The title he bore from his birth was Vidame de Chartres, and he was brought up with the greatest care by his mother, a woman of sense and virtue. She made it (he says) her especial care to save him from the common fate of young men of assured rank and fortune, who, becoming their own masters at an early age, are thrown upon the world without natural protectors or advisers. Her anxiety on this score was enhanced by the advanced age of his father (nearly seventy at his birth), and the state of the family, which consisted of a paternal uncle eight years older than the duc, and two maternal uncles, the one disreputable and the other ruined.

She exerted herself to raise my courage, and excite me to become capable of repairing by my own energies voids so difficult to surmount. She succeeded in inspiring me with a great desire of it. She was not seconded by my taste for study and the sciences; but that which was innate in me for reading and history, and con-

sequently to do and become something by emulation and the examples that I found in it (*i.e.* history), compensated this coldness for letters; and I have always thought that, if they had made me lose less time in the one (letters), and made me make a serious study of the other (history), I should have been able to become something in it.

This passage exhibits his exact state of mind and manner of writing at the commencement of the memoirs, before he had acquired the confidence in which he was by no means deficient in after-life, or the vigour, fertility, and variety of expression which throw confused metaphors and harsh phraseology into the shade.

This reading of history, and especially of particular memoirs of our own history of the later times since Francis the First, inspired me with the desire of writing those of what I might see, in the desire and hope of being something, and of knowing as well as I could the affairs of my time. The inconveniences did not fail to present themselves to my mind; but the firm resolution to keep the secret to myself appeared to me to provide for all. I accordingly began in July, 1694, being *mestre de camp* of a regiment of cavalry of my name, in the camp of Guenischeim (Germersheim), on the old Rhine, in the army commanded by the Marshal Duke of Lorges.

In a subsequent passage he states that the direct inspiration came from the memoirs of Bassompierre. He entered the army in 1691, in his sixteenth year, more (he confesses) from a wish to get rid of his master in philosophy than from military ardour. The siege of Mons, formed by the king in person, had attracted all his young contemporaries for their first campaign; and what piqued him most was that, conspicuous amongst these was the Duc de Chartres, eight months younger than himself, with whom he had been partially bred up, and had contracted as close an intimacy as the difference of rank allowed. After vainly trying his mother, he obtained the concurrence of his father, by representing that the king, having undertaken so great a siege this year, would repose the next, and that thus a brilliant opportunity would be lost or indefinitely postponed. It was then the rule for all young men of rank who entered the service, with the exception of the princes of the blood, to serve a year in one of the two companies of *mousquetaires*, and then as captain of a troop of cavalry or subaltern in the king's own regiment of infantry, before they were permitted to purchase a regiment. The first step, therefore, was for his father to take him to

Versailles and present him as a candidate for a nomination in the *mousquetaires*. The king remarking his slight stature and delicate appearance, objected that he was too young; to which it was adroitly replied that he would serve his Majesty the longer, and thereupon his father was requested to name which regiment he preferred, and the nomination followed in due course.

We do not see how the siege of Mons could be employed as an argument, for it took place in the spring of 1691; and he complacently records that when he was a *mousquetaire* of three months' standing (in March of the following year), he mounted guard at Compiègne and was apprised of the royal intention to take the field again.

My joy was extreme, but my father, who had not counted on this, repented having been overpersuaded by me, and made me feel it! My mother, after a little temper and pouting at my having been enrolled against her wish, was unwearied in bringing him to reason, and in having me supplied with an equipage of thirty-five horses or mules, and with wherewithal to live honourably on my means morning and evening. It was not without a provoking *contretemps* which fell out precisely twenty days before my departure.

The family steward had levanted with fifty thousand francs due to tradespeople whom he had returned in his accounts as paid.

Saint-Simon's equipment is prominently introduced by Lord Macaulay in his animated and ornate description of the siege of Namur. "A single circumstance may suffice to give a notion of the pomp and luxury of his (the French king's) camp. Among the musketeers of his household rode, for the first time, a stripling of seventeen, who soon afterwards succeeded to the title of Duke of Saint-Simon, and to whom we owe those inestimable memoirs which have preserved, for the instruction and delight of many lands and of many generations, the vivid pictures of a France which has long passed away. Though the boy's family was then pressed for money, he travelled with thirty-five horses and sumpter-mules."\* All the particulars of his first campaign are interesting:—

\* "History," vol. iv., p. 268. It appears from p. 65 that William's headquarters were enlivened by a crowd of splendid equipages, and by a rapid succession of sumptuous banquets. In Shadwell's "Volunteers," the representative character has a train of cooks and confectioners, a waggon-load of plate, a rich wardrobe, and tent furniture chosen by a committee of fine ladies.



The king started on the 10th May, 1692, with the ladies, and I made the journey on horseback with the troops and all the service, like the other *mousquetaires*. I was accompanied by two gentlemen; the one, of long standing in the family, had been my governor, the other was my mother's equerry. The king's army was encamped at Gevries; that of M. de Luxembourg almost joined it. The ladies were at Mons, two leagues off. The king brought them to his camp, where he feasted them, and then treated them to the sight of the most superb review that probably has ever been seen of these two armies drawn up in two lines.

The tents of the court, pitched in a meadow, were well-nigh inundated by the rain, which, he says, descended in torrents during the whole of the siege, greatly enhancing the reputation of St. Médard (the French St. Swithen) whose feast-day is the 8th of June. The soldiers uttered imprecations against the saint, and made a search for his images, of which they broke or burnt as many as they could find. The roads became impassable for carts or carriages, and Luxembourg's army was reduced to the same extremity for want of corn and forage as the English before Sebastopol. To lessen their privations, orders were given to the cavalry of the household to carry them sacks of grain, a duty which they deemed degrading to their dignity as a privileged corps. The first party told off for it positively refused; and the second were on the verge of mutiny, when the young vidame sprang from his saddle, shouldered a sack, and laid it across the crupper of his horse. Clapping him on the shoulder, and naming him, the commandant loudly demanded which of them could feel hurt or dishonoured by doing what was not disdained by the eldest son of a duke, and his example was emulously followed by the troop. When this affair was reported at headquarters it attracted the favourable notice of the king, who during the rest of the siege made a point of saying something civil to the young *mousquetaire* whenever an occasion offered. The citadel, which held out three weeks longer than the town, surrendered July 1st, 1692, and the court returned to Versailles.

"On the 3rd of May, 1693, the king announced that he was going to Flanders to take command of one of his armies as before; and that same day," says Saint-Simon, "about ten in the evening, I had the misfortune to lose my father, who was eighty-seven, and was dead almost as soon as he was taken ill: there was no more

oil in the lamp." His feelings and proceedings on this event are thus related:—

I heard the sad news on returning from the *coucher* of the king, who was to purge the next day. *The night was given to the just sentiments of nature.* The next day I went betimes to find Bontemps (first *valet-de-chambre*), then the Duc de Beauvillier, who was in waiting and whose father had been the friend of mine. M. de Beauvillier showed me a thousand kindnesses with the princes whose governor he was, and promised to ask the king for my father's governments for me on opening the king's curtain. He obtained them at once. Bontemps, much attached to my father, hastened to tell me in the tribune where I was waiting; then M. de Beauvillier himself, who told me to be in the gallery at three, where he would send for me and have me introduced through the cabinets, when the king had done dinner.

I found the crowd had left the chamber. As soon as Monsieur (the Duke of Orleans), who was standing at the foot of the king's bed, perceived me, "Ah!" he exclaimed aloud; "M. le Duc de Saint-Simon." I approached the bed and made my acknowledgment by a low bow. The king inquired how this misfortune had happened, with much goodness for my father and myself; he knew how to season his favours. He spoke to me of the sacrament, which my father had been unable to take. I replied that only a short time since he had made a retreat of some days to Saint-Lazare, where he had his confessor and fulfilled his devotions; and I spoke of the piety of his life. The colloquy lasted some time, and ended by exhortations to continue to act wisely and well, and that he would take care of me.

It would seem that there was little time to lose or to devote to the just sentiments of nature, for during a preceding illness of the father many had asked the king for his governments; D'Aubigné, Madame de Maintenon's brother, amongst others, to whom the king replied with unwonted sharpness, "Has he not a son?"

Starting with the reflection that birth and property do not always go together, Saint-Simon proceeds to explain how his father, having begun as a page to Louis XIII., rose to high favour, obtained valuable employments, and was created duke and peer. The stepping-stone of his fortunes was his adroitness in enabling the king, who was passionately fond of hunting, to change horses without putting foot to ground. This was effected by placing the tail of one parallel to the head of the other. Saint-Simon mentions this service with no apparent consciousness that it might equally well have been performed by a groom; and he relates an instance of his father's



undue eagerness to curry favour, which a son born in a purer atmosphere, or more sensitive to the family honour, would have been glad to suppress. The king was enamoured of one of the maids of honour, Mlle. d'Hautefort, and was constantly talking about her to Saint-Simon *père*, who (says the son) could not understand how a king could 'be so pre-occupied by a passion and make no attempt to gratify it.

He attributed it to timidity; and on this principle, one day when the king was speaking passionately of this young lady, my father proposed to be his ambassador, and bring the affair to a speedy conclusion. The king let him say on; then assuming a severe air: "It is true," he said, "that I am in love with her; that I feel it; that I seek her; that I take pleasure in talking about her, and that I think of her still more. It is true, also, that all this comes to pass in me in my own despite, because I am a man and have this weakness; but the more my quality of king gives me extraordinary facilities for gratifying my passion, so much the more ought I to be on my guard against the scandal and the sin. I pardon you this time on account of your youth; but let me never hear you address similar language to me again if you value my affection."

It was a thunderclap to my father; the scales fell from his eyes; the idea of the king's timidity in his love disappeared in the brightness of a virtue so pure and so triumphant.

Although Saint-Simon labours hard to make it appear that his father, on being made duke and peer, was rather *arrivé* than *parvenu*, this was not the opinion of contemporaries. Malherbe thus mentions his first promotion in a letter to Peirese, 19th December, 1626: "You have heard of the dismissal of Barradas (first equerry to Louis XIII.). We have a Sieur Simon, page of the same stable, who has taken his place. It is a young lad of eighteen or thereabouts. The bad conduct of the other will be a lesson to him, and his fall an example to do better."

His father's death proved no interruption to his military duties. Immediately after the fulfillment of the last offices, he started for Mons where the army was to muster, being now a captain in the royal Roussillon regiment of cavalry.

The king set out on the 18th May (1693) with the ladies, made a halt of eight or ten days with them at Quesnoy, then sent them to Namur, and went on the 2nd June to place himself at the head of Marshal Bouffler's army, with which, on the 7th, he occupied the camp of Gembloux, so that his left was close to M. de Luxembourg's right, and people could pass from one to the other in safety.

The Prince of Orange was encamped at the Abbey of Parc in such a manner that he could not receive supplies, and could not move out without having the two armies of the king upon his hands. He hastily entrenched himself, and thoroughly repented of having suffered himself to be so promptly driven to the wall. It has been ascertained since that he wrote several times to the Prince de Vaudemont, his intimate friend, that he was lost, and that he could only escape by a miracle. His army was inferior to the least of the king's, both of which were abundantly supplied with equipages, provisions, and artillery, and, as may be believed, were masters of the campaign.

Such being the position with the whole season for active operations before him, on the 8th June, the day after his arrival in camp, Louis suddenly announced to Luxembourg that he should return in person to Versailles, and that the bulk of the force under Boufflers would be sent to Germany under Monseigneur.

The surprise of Luxembourg was unparalleled. He represented the facility of forcing the entrenchments of the Prince of Orange; of completely defeating him with one of the two armies, and following up the victory with the other. . . . But the resolution was taken. Luxembourg, in despair at seeing so glorious and easy a campaign, went down on both knees before the king, but could obtain nothing. Madame de Maintenon had vainly endeavoured to hinder the king's journey; she feared the absences; and so happy an opening of the campaign would have detained him long to gather the laurels himself; her tears at their separation, her letters after his departure, were the most potent, and carried the day against the most pressing reasons of State policy, of war, of glory. . . .

The effect of this retreat was incredible, even amongst the common soldiers and the people. The general officers could not be altogether silent, and the rest spoke loudly of it with a license which could not be restrained. The enemy neither could nor would restrain their surprise and their joy.

Lord Macaulay, citing Saint-Simon—who is indeed the sole well-informed and trustworthy authority for the facts—contrives to give them a turn so as to palliate the bad strategy of William, and put the worst possible interpretation on the weakness of Louis. "William" (he says) "had this year been able to assemble in good time a force, inferior indeed to that which was opposed to him, but still formidable. With this force he took his post near Louvain, on the road between the two threatened cities (Liège and Brussels) and watched every movement of the enemy." This gives no notion of the

dangerous position he really occupied. As regards the motives of Louis' retreat: "The ignominious truth was too evident to be concealed. He had gone to the Netherlands in the hope that he might again be able to snatch some military glory without any hazard to his person, and had hastened back rather than expose himself to the chances of a pitched field."\*

Nor was this, Lord Macaulay adds, the first time that his Most Christian Majesty had shown the same kind of prudence. Seventeen years before, when opposed to the same antagonist under the walls of Bouchain, a similar opportunity offered of ending the war in a day. "The king called his lieutenants round him, and collected their opinions. Some cowardly officers, to whom a hint of his wishes had been dexterously conveyed, had, *blushing and stammering with shame*, voted against fighting. It was to no purpose that bold and honest men, who prized his honour more than his life, had proved to him that on all the principles of the military art he ought to accept the challenge rashly given." This, again, is a passage from Saint-Simon, coloured and exaggerated. He states that "Louvbis, to intimidate the council, spoke first, like a reporter, to dissuade the battle." Three out of the four marshals present agreed with him; and in recommending the bolder course, the Marshal de Lorges, Saint-Simon's father-in-law, stood alone. The retreat on this occasion was generally attributed to Louvois, of whom Madame de Sévigné writes in the same year (1676) "Aire is taken; it is M. de Louvois who has all the honour. He has full power, and orders the advance and retreat of armies as he thinks fit."

After describing the manner in which Louvois was wont to dictate to commanders like Condé and Luxembourg, Lord Macaulay says that he had become odious to Louis, and to her (Madame de Maintenon) who governed Louis. "On the last occasion on which the king and the minister transacted business together, the ill-humour on both sides broke violently forth. The servant in his vexation dashed his portfolio on the ground. The master forgetting (what he seldom forgot) that a king should be a gentleman, lifted his cane. Fortunately his wife was

present. She, with her usual prudence, caught his arm. She then got Louvois out of the room, and exhorted him to come back the next day as if nothing had happened. The next day he came, but with death in his face. The king, though full of resentment, was touched with pity, and advised Louvois to go home and take care of himself. *The next day* the great minister died." The authorities cited are Dangeau and Saint-Simon, and not a hint is given of the slightest doubt as to the facts. But Saint-Simon tells a totally different story, and dates the scene of violence in 1689 (two years before the death of Louvois), after the proposal of Louvois to burn Trèves had been set aside by the king.

Some days afterwards, Louvois, who had the fault of obstinacy, and who had been led by experience not to doubt of carrying his point, came as usual to work with the king at Madame de Maintenon's. Towards the end of their business he said, that feeling scruples to be his Majesty's sole reason for not consenting to so necessary a measure, he had taken the responsibility on himself and had already despatched a courier with an order to burn Trèves immediately.

The king was at the moment, and contrary to his disposition, so transported with anger, that he caught up the *pincettes* (tongs) from off the fireplace and was about to throw himself on Louvois but for Madame de Maintenon, who threw herself between them, exclaiming: "Ah, sire, what are you about to do?" and took the *pincettes* from his hands. Louvois, however, made his way to the door. The king shouted after him to come back; and called out, with flashing eyes: "Despatch a courier instantly with a counter-order, and let him arrive in time, and understand that you shall answer for it with your head if a single house is burned."

There was no need of a counter-order, for the courier had been told to wait till after the interview; and the statement that the order had been actually sent was a trick of Louvois to secure the king's acquiescence in a foregone conclusion. He made his position worse with Madame de Maintenon by inducing Louis to leave her and the rest of the ladies at Versailles, when he undertook the siege of Mons in 1691; "and," adds Saint-Simon, "as it is the last drop which makes the cup overflow, a trifling occurrence at this siege completed the ruin of Louvois." The king, who piqued himself on his knowledge of military details, found a cavalry guard badly placed, and placed it differently. In going the rounds the same day after dinner, he chanced to pass before

\* Vol. iv. pp. 401-403. Burnet says that "the French king, seeing that the practices of treachery on which he chiefly relied (for taking Liège), succeeded so ill, resolved not to venture himself in any dangerous enterprise, so he and the ladies went back to Versailles." ("History of his Own Time," vol. iii. p. 153.)

this same guard, which he found badly placed as before. Surprised and annoyed, he asked the captain who had placed him where he was, and was told Louvois. "But," rejoined the king, "did you not tell him that it was I who placed you?" "Yes, sire." The king, piqued, and addressing his suite, exclaimed, "Is not that Louvois all over? He thinks he understands war better than I do."

Saint-Simon was strongly prejudiced against Louvois, and says he was the author and soul of all the ruinous wars; one motive being to discredit Colbert (who was obliged to find the money) by their expense, and another to make himself necessary to the king. Thus, Saint-Simon attributes the war of 1688 to a quarrel about a window at the Petit Trianon, which the king declared to be out of proportion with the rest, whilst Louvois maintained the contrary. The king referred the point to Le Nôtre, who decided in his Majesty's favour; but Louvois still held out, and provoked the king into the use of angry and peremptory language in the presence of the workpeople and the suite.

Louvois, who was not used to be treated in this fashion, returned home in a fury, and like a man in despair. Saint-Pouange, the Tella-dets, and the few familiars of all his hours, were alarmed, and eagerly wished to know what had happened. He at last told them; said he was a lost man, and that for some inches in a window the king forgot all his services, which had been to him worth so many conquests; but that he would see to it, and get up such a war as would make the king have need of him, and let alone the trowel. He then gave way to a torrent of reproaches and rage. He was as good as his word; he kindled the war by the double election of Cologne; he confirmed it by carrying fire and sword into the Palatinate, and by giving free scope to the project against England, etc., etc.

Louvois died at Versailles on the 16th July, 1691.

I met him the same day [says Saint-Simon], as I was coming away from the king's dinner. M. de Marsac was talking to him, and he was on his way to Madame de Maintenon's to transact business with the king, who was afterwards to walk in the gardens, where the people of the court were permitted to follow him. About four o'clock in the afternoon, I went to Madame de Châteauneuf's, where I learnt that Louvois had been taken slightly ill at Madame de Maintenon's; that the king had insisted on his going home; that he went home on foot, when the illness suddenly got worse; that they hastily gave him some medicine which he threw up, and died in the act of calling for his son, Barbezieux, who had not time

to reach him although under the roof at the time.

Dangeau's entry for July 16th, 1691, begins: "The king worked in the afternoon with M. de Louvois, and about four o'clock perceived that M. de Louvois was ill. He sent him home."

Saint-Simon, who watched the king closely at the promenade after this event, thought he perceived symptoms of relief and elation in his Majesty's manner, and states that Louvois was to have been arrested and conducted to the Bastille within twenty-four hours had he lived; yet his immediate successor was his third son, the Marquis de Barbezieux, a young man of twenty-four, with marked disqualifications for the post. When these were pointed out to the king, he replied: "I formed the father and I will form the son."

There is a remarkable passage in Madame de Sévigné's letters in which she mentions the death of Louvois as that of a man whose power was at its zenith, who was the centre of all things, who was cut off in the act of bringing plans of vast importance to maturity. "*Ah, mon Dieu,*" she fancies him exclaiming, "*donnez-moi un peu de temps: je voudrais bien donner un échec au duc de Savoie, un mat au prince d'Orange. Non, non, vous n'aurez pas un seul, un seul moment.*"

Louvois evidently understood his royal master, and risked little by contradicting him: the particular scene of violence mentioned by Lord Macaulay could have had no connection with his death; and there is no more ground for believing that he died from mortification at ill-treatment by Louis, than that Dr. Johnson was driven saddened and half broken-hearted from Streatham by Mrs. Piozzi.

When the king and the ladies returned to Versailles, Saint-Simon remained with the army, and was present at the battle of Neerwinden (Landen), of which he has left an animated and detailed account. Although he was in five charges, and behaved with gallantry, he was passed over in the distribution of regiments vacated by the battle, and soon afterwards bought one for twenty-six thousand livres; the purchase-system being then in full force, not only for commissions in the army, but for all sorts of offices and places, civil and military.

In the course of the following year he engaged in an affair which, as he says, made a great noise and was followed by (as regards him) most momentous results. Indeed, it influenced the whole of his life,

and places in the strongest light the inherent weakness of his character. The Marshal Duc de Luxembourg, who had hitherto been content to take precedence as eighteenth amongst the dukes and peers, suddenly laid claim to stand second on the strength of the dukedom of Piney, which had come to him by a doubtful descent through females. Saint-Simon stood twelfth amongst those affected by this claim; and considering the recent date of his creation and his youth, there was no intelligible motive, beyond restlessness and vanity, for his coming forward as the champion of his order. But he took the lead of the opposition from the first, threw his whole soul into the cause, and attached a degree of importance to his own personal share of it, which went far to justify the sarcasm of Marmontel, that he (Saint-Simon) saw nothing in the nation but the nobility; nothing in the nobility but the peerage; and nothing in the peerage but himself. The principal persons concerned or interested, the comparative eagerness and lukewarmness of the dukes, the quality of the tribunal, the various kinds of influence brought to bear, the court-intrigues, the plots, the under-plots, the chicanery of the judicial proceedings—all these, as handled by him, present a succession of dramatic groups and incidents, which must be read in full to be appreciated. In selecting specimens we feel as if we were cutting out heads from an historic picture, yet portraits like those of Harlay (the first president) and Luxembourg strike by their force and individuality when they stand alone.

He (Harlay) was learned in public law. He was well versed in the principles of many systems of jurisprudence; he was on a par with those most versed in the belles-lettres; he was well acquainted with history; and above all, knew how to govern his company with an authority which admitted of no reply, and which no first president had obtained. A pharisaical austerity, by the scope he gave to his public censures, made him an object of dread to parties, advocates, and magistrates, so that there was no one who did not tremble to have to deal with him. Supported in everything by the court of which he was the slave, and the very humblest slave of all in real favour, a most finished courtier, and singularly astute politician—all these talents he turned exclusively to his ambition of ruling and rising, and founding the reputation of a great man: without genuine honour; without morals in private; with none but outward probity; without even humanity; in a word, a perfect hypocrite, *sans foi, sans loi*, without God and without soul, cruel husband, barbarous father, tyrannical brother, friend of

himself alone, wicked by nature, taking pleasure in insulting, in outraging, in crushing, and never in his life omitting an opportunity of so doing. A volume might be filled with traits of him, and all the more striking because he had an infinity of wit, the mind naturally turned towards it, and always sufficiently master of himself to risk nothing of which he might have to repent.

The part taken by Harlay against the dukes was eminently displeasing to Saint-Simon, and the features of this portrait are evidently overcharged; but what he says of Harlay's wit, cutting sarcasm, and subserviency, is substantially confirmed. An elderly lady of quality had christened him the old monkey. She had a cause which she gained; and on her calling to thank the president, he said: "You see, madame, that the old *he-monkeys* (*singes*) like to oblige the old *she-monkeys* (*gue nons*)." During the reading of a report, a third of the members of his court were talking and another third asleep, when he said: "If the gentlemen who are talking would do like the gentlemen who are sleeping, the gentlemen who are listening might hear."

A wealthy financier in a famine was threatened by the first president with the gallows if he did not sell all his corn within a month. The financier complained to the king, who advised him to comply with the order, adding: "If the first president has threatened to hang you, depend upon it he will be as good as his word." A similar story is told of the Duke of Wellington, when a commissary complained that Picton had threatened to hang him unless a certain number of bullocks were supplied within twenty-four hours.

In his finished portrait of Luxembourg, Saint-Simon struggled hard to overcome an avowed prejudice, and do justice to the illustrious commander under whom he had been proud to serve.

A great name, great bravery, unrestrained ambition, *de l'esprit*—but an *esprit* of intrigue, of debauch, and of the great world—enabled him to surmount the disadvantage of a face and figure very repulsive at first, but (what no one who had not seen him can comprehend) a face and figure to which one got accustomed, and which—notwithstanding a hump, moderate in front, but very large and very pointed behind, with all the rest of the ordinary accompaniment of hunchbacks—had a fire, a nobility, and a natural grace that shone in his simplest actions. . . . Nothing more just than his *coup d'œil*; nobody more brilliant, more self-possessed, more full of resource than he in the presence of the enemy or on a day of

battle with an audacity, a *flatterie* (sic), and at the same time a *sang froid*, which enabled him to see and foresee everything in the middle of the hottest fire and the most imminent risk of failure; there it was that he was great. For the rest, indolence itself. Little exercise without great necessity; play; conversation with his familiars; and every evening a supper with very few, almost always the same, and if there chanced to be any town in the vicinity, care was taken that there should be an agreeable mixture of the fair sex. Then he was inaccessible to all, and if anything urgent occurred, it was for Puysegur to look to it. Such with the army was the life of this great general; and such also at Paris, where the court and the fine world occupied his days, and his pleasures his evenings.

It may prove not uninteresting nor un-instructive to mark how far the brilliant historian, the studied and practised master of style, has improved upon this portrait from the pen of the *grand seigneur*, who disclaimed all the arts of authorship, and was accused of writing like a barbarian by two or three generations of critics.\*

In valour and abilities Luxembourg was not inferior to any of his illustrious race. But, highly descended and highly gifted as he was, he had with difficulty surmounted the obstacles which impeded him in the road to fame. If he owed much to the bounty of nature and fortune, he had suffered still more from their spite. *His features were frightfully harsh; his stature was diminutive; a huge and pointed hump rose on his back. His constitution was feeble and sickly. Cruel imputations had been thrown on his morals. . . . In vigilance, diligence, and perseverance he was deficient. He seemed to reserve his great qualities for great emergencies. It was on a pitched field of battle that he was all himself. His glance was rapid and unerring. His judgment was clearest and surest when responsibility pressed heaviest on him, and when difficulties gathered thickest round him. . . . He was at once a valetudinarian and a voluptuary; and in both characters he loved ease. He scarcely ever mounted his horse. Light conversation and cards occupied most of his hours. His table was luxurious; and when he had sat down to supper it was a service of danger to disturb him. . . . If there were any agreeable women in the neighbourhood of his camp, they were generally to be found at his banquets.†*

From the terms on which Saint-Simon stood with Luxembourg, we may be sure that he softened nothing; and Voltaire describes Luxembourg as "always in love, and even often loved, although deformed

(*contrefait*), and with a face little formed to please, having more of the qualities of the hero than the sage." The only authorities quoted by Lord Macaulay, besides lampoons and caricatures, are Saint-Simon and Voltaire. Then why does he say that Luxembourg's features were frightfully harsh and his stature diminutive? or why exaggerate the hump?

In the "*Biographie Universelle*," the description of Luxembourg is that "although *un peu contrefait*, he pleased by a physiognomy which revealed his soul." William was reputed to have said: "*Je ne pourrai donc jamais battre ce bossu-là !*" "*Bossu !*" exclaimed Luxembourg on hearing this, "what does he know of it? He has never seen my back." His death (of a pulmonary complaint) in 1695 was mourned as a national loss; but Saint-Simon regarded it from an exclusively personal point of view.

M. de Luxembourg did not see, during his last illness, a single one of the dukes he had attacked, nor did any one of them press to be received. I neither went nor sent once, although I was at Versailles, and I must own that I appreciated my deliverance from such an enemy.

The titles and rights of the marshal duke devolved upon his son, by whom the claim of precedence was revived and eventually established to the extreme surprise and lasting mortification of Saint-Simon, who, at the final hearing, lost all semblance of temper and self-command. He says that when Du Mont (the Luxembourg advocate) contended that resistance to the claim was disrespectful to the king —

I started up to rush out, exclaiming against the imposture, and calling for justice on this scoundrel. M. de la Rochefoucauld held me back, and kept mesilent. I was bursting with rage, still more against him than against the advocate.

The celebrated D'Aguesseau, the advocate-general, spoke last, and occupied a day in summing up the arguments on both sides.

He rested the next day, and on Friday, April 13th, 1696, reappeared to conclude. After keeping the audience a long time in suspense, he began to show himself; it was with an erudition, a force, a precision, and an eloquence beyond compare, and concluded *entirely for us*.

The judges unluckily concluded the other way, and Saint-Simon, after vainly endeavouring to stir up the other dukes to join in an appeal, drew up a memoir to

\* Chateaubriand said of Saint-Simon: "*Il écrit à la barbare pour l'immortalité*."

† Macaulay, Hist., vol. iv.



the king, which was not presented because no other duke could be induced to join in it.

We are obviously indebted to the mortification inflicted by M. de Luxembourg's success for a malicious story of him, which illustrates the manners of the court. The scene is a ball at Marly, to which he and his wife had been invited in consequence of the scarcity of dancers, she being a woman of irregular conduct who was commonly shunned by the respectable of her sex. "Her husband was probably the only person in France who knew nothing of her goings-on, and had not the slightest distrust of her." He was suddenly required to take part in a masked ballet; and having come unprovided with a mask, requested his friend, the Prince de Conti, to supply him with one.

Some time after the commencement of the ball, some of the dancers left the room and returned masked. I had just arrived, and I was already seated, when I saw, from behind, a quantity of muslin, surmounted by a stag's horns *au naturel*, — a whimsical headdress, so high that it caught in a lustre. Surprised at so strange a disguise, we began asking each other who it could be, and were remarking that this mask must be tolerably sure of his brows to venture to deck them in this fashion, when the mask turned, and M. de Luxembourg stood confessed. The sudden burst of laughter was scandalous. He took it in good part, and told us with admirable simplicity that it was M. le Prince who had fitted him out in this fashion. A moment after arrived the ladies, and a little later the king. This was a signal for the laughter to recommence, and for M. de Luxembourg to show off before the company with a delightful confidence. His wife, notorious as she was and knowing nothing of this masquerade, lost countenance, and everybody, dying with laughter, was looking at the pair. This amusement lasted all the ball; and the king, in excellent humour as he always was, laughed with the rest; and people were never tired of admiring a trick so cruelly ridiculous, nor of talking of it for many days in succession.

Speaking of the mode of life at Marly, he says that there were balls every evening, which were kept up till eight in the morning; and that he and Madame de Saint-Simon never saw the light of day for three weeks. Practical jokes were a favourite amusement, with slight regard to consequences.

Monsieur le Duc held the States of Burgundy this year in the place of Monsieur le Prince (de Condé), his father, who did not choose to go there. He here gave a great example of the friendship of princes, and a fine lesson to those who seek it. . . .

One evening when he supped at home, he amused himself by plying Santeuil, (famous for his Latin verses) with champagne; and from pleasantry to pleasantry he thought it a good joke to empty his snuff-box full of Spanish snuff into a large glass of wine, and make Santeuil drink it to see what would come of it. He was not long in learning: vomiting and fever set in, and in twice twenty-four hours the unhappy man died suffering the pains of the damned; but in sentiments of a sincere penitence with which he received the sacraments, and edified as much as he was regretted by a society little given to edification, but detesting so cruel an experiment.

One of the regular butts of the royal family was the Princesse d'Harcourt, whom Saint-Simon describes as untidy and unwashed; a kind of white fury, and a harpy to boot, with the effrontery, the malice, the thievishness, the violence; *elle en avait encore la gourmandise et la promptitude à s'en soulager, etc.* The Duke and Duchess of Burgundy were constantly playing tricks with this fair creature. One day they placed petards the whole length of the alley which led from the Château of Marly to the house where she lodged.

She was horribly afraid of everything. Two chairmen were in attendance to carry her when she took her leave. When she was about the middle of the alley, and the whole party near enough to enjoy the spectacle, the petards began to explode, and she to cry for mercy, and the chairmen to make off. She struggled convulsively in the chair to the point of upsetting it, and shrieked like a demon. The company ran up to enjoy the scene, and hear her rail at all who approached her, beginning with the duke and duchess.

Another time he fixed a petard under her seat in the saloon where she was playing at piquet; but, as he was going to set fire to it some charitable soul warned him that this petard would maim her, and prevented him. Sometimes they sent a score of Swiss with drums into her bedroom, who awoke her in her first sleep with this *tintamarre*.

"All these different affairs," says Saint-Simon, in reference to the proceedings in the Luxembourg suit, "were nothing in comparison of another to which they gave rise, which inflicted the greatest wound the peerage could receive, and became its leprosy and its cancer." This was the decisive measure suddenly taken by the king, by the advice of Harlay, to give the bastards (as they are plainly designated) precedence immediately next to princes of the blood. He ended, as is well known, by endowing them with all the incidents of legitimacy, including the right



of succession to the throne. The Duc du Maine, the eldest of the king's natural children by Madame de Montespan, was the prompter of the grant of precedence, and the first to claim the privilege. This alone was enough to mark him out as an object of peculiar dislike to Saint-Simon, who has a malicious pleasure in relating how, shortly after his elevation, the bastard *par éminence* came to grief.

In the campaign of 1695 Marshal de Villeroy had manœuvred so successfully, that it appeared impossible for Vaudemont and his army to escape; and on the 13th August a courier was despatched to Versailles by Villeroy to announce an assured victory. M. du Maine, who commanded the left, was ordered to begin the action; but he hesitated till the opportunity was lost; shed tears, sent for his confessor, and exhibited other signs of the most pitiable pusillanimity on the field. Knowing the excessive affection of the king for his craven son, Villeroy did his best to conceal or gloss over the cause of failure in his report, and the courtiers were equally cautious not to wound his Majesty's feelings; but suspecting that something was kept back, he at length, during a visit to Marly, contrived to extract the truth from a favourite *valet-de-chambre*.

This prince, outwardly so calm, and so master of his slightest movements in the most moving circumstances, on this unique occasion succumbed. On leaving the dinner-table at Marly with all the ladies, and in the presence of all the courtiers, he saw a valet, in the act of removing the dessert, put a biscuit in his pocket. On the instant, he forgets all his dignity, and lifting the cane, which had just been presented to him with his hat, rushes on the valet, strikes him, abuses him, and breaks the cane upon his back. To say the truth it was slight and easily broken. Then still holding it, and with the air of a man who had lost all self-control, and continuing to rate the valet who was already far off, he traversed the small saloon and entered the apartment of Madame de Maintenon, as he often did at Marly after dinner. On coming out he met his confessor, and loudly exclaimed, as soon as he caught sight of the holy father, "*Mon père*, I have given a rascal a sound beating, and broken my cane upon his back; but I do not believe I have offended God;" and then told him the pretended crime. All present were trembling still at what they had seen or heard from those present. Their fright redoubled at this revival; and the poor priest made it appear that he approved, in order to avoid adding to the king's irritation before the world.

Some days elapsed before the real cause of this unbecoming burst of anger

became known. Courtier as he was, the Duc d'Elbœuf could not refrain from having a sly hit at the "bastard" on this occasion. Towards the end of the campaign, he asked M. du Maine, before a large company, where he intended to serve during the following campaign, since, wherever it was, he should wish to serve there too; and, on being pressed for further explanation, he added, that with M. du Maine one was always sure of one's life. A similar sarcasm was levelled against an eminent member of the Bonaparte family at the commencement of the Italian campaign of 1859.

During all the winter of 1695 Saint-Simon's mother was trying to find him a good marriage; no very difficult matter, he insinuates, as he was regarded as a highly desirable match. "I was an only son, and I had a dignity and establishments which also made people think much of me. There was some talk of Mlle. d'Armagnac, and Mlle. de la Trémouille, and many others." At length the choice was considered to lie between two daughters of the Marshal de Lorges.

The one (the eldest, aged seventeen) was a brunette with fine eyes; the other (aged fifteen), fair, with a perfect complexion and figure, a very pleasing face, extremely noble and modest air, and I know not what of the majestic by an air of virtue and natural sweetness. It was she, moreover, whom I loved the best, beyond all comparison, from the time I saw them both, and with whom I linked the happiness of my life, which she has solely and wholly constituted.

The king approved the match on its being formally notified to him by the marshal: the articles were signed, and the bridegroom-expectant was passing all his evenings at the Hôtel de Lorges, when all of a sudden the marriage was entirely broken off on some pecuniary misunderstanding which "each interpreted in his or her own manner." Happily, an uncle of the bride, an old master of requests, arrived from the country and removed the difficulty by paying the difference.

It is an honour which I am bound to render him, and I have never ceased to feel deeply grateful. *It is thus that God brings to pass what pleases him by the least expected means.*

The marriage was solemnized at midnight on the 8th April, in the chapel of the Hôtel de Lorges.

We slept in the grand apartment. The next day M. d'Anneuil, who lodged opposite, gave us a grand dinner; after which the bride received all France on her bed at the Hôtel de

Lorges, to which the forms of domestic life attracted the crowd, and the first who came was the Duchesse de Bracciano with her two nieces.

The duchess had tried hard to secure him for one of the nieces, and came first to show that she was not piqued at the disappointment.

My mother was still in her second mourning, and her apartments black and grey, which made us prefer the Hôtel de Lorges to receive the world. The day after these visits, to which only one day was devoted, we went to Versailles. In the evening it was the king's pleasure to receive the bride at Madame de Maintenon's, where my mother and hers presented her. On his way, the king spoke to me of her in a bantering tone, and he had the goodness to receive them with much distinction and praise.

They were afterwards at the supper, where the new duchess assumed her *tribouret*. On taking his place at table, the king said to her: "Madame, if you please to be seated." When his napkin was spread, seeing all the duchesses and princesses still standing, he rose from his chair and said to Madame de Saint-Simon: "Madame, I have already begged you to be seated;" and all who ought to be seated took their seats, Madame de Saint-Simon between my mother and her own, *who was after her*.

In 1702 Saint-Simon quitted the service in disgust at seeing five of his juniors made brigadiers of cavalry over his head. It was not till after two months of wearing anxiety and frequent consultations with his friends that he resolved upon this step; and after sending in his letter of resignation, he waits at Paris to hear how it had been received by the king. Hearing nothing for eight days, he returns to Versailles on Shrove-Tuesday, when he learns that the king, on reading his letter, had called up Chamillart (one of the secretaries of state) to whom, after a short private conference, he exclaimed with emotion, "*Hé bien, monsieur!* here is another man leaving us."

I did not hear of anything else that fell from him. This Shrove-Tuesday I reappeared before him for the first time since my letter on his retiring after his supper. I should be ashamed to tell the trifle that I am about to narrate if it did not help to characterize him under the circumstances. Although the place where he undressed was well lighted, the almoner of the day, who held a lighted candle at his evening prayer, gave it back afterwards to the first *valet-de-chambre*, who carried it before the king as he resumed his seat. He glanced round, and named aloud one of those present, to whom the valet gave the candle. It was a distinction and a favour which had its

value; so adroit was the king in making something out of nothings. He only gave it to those who were most distinguished by dignity and birth, very rarely to inferiors in whom age and services sufficed. *He often gave it to me*, rarely to ambassadors, except to the nuncio, and in later times to the Spanish ambassador.

You took off your glove: you came forward: you held the candle during the *coucher*, which was very short; you then gave it back to the first *valet-de-chambre*, who, if he chose, gave it to some one of the *petit coucher*.

I had purposely kept back; and I was much surprised, as were the bystanders, to hear myself named; and on future occasions *I had it almost as often as before*. It was not that there were not in attendance many persons of mark to whom it might have been given, but the king was sufficiently piqued to wish that his being so should not be perceived.

This was also all I had of him for three years; during which he forgot no trifle, in default of more important occasions, to make me feel how offended he was.

One of these trifles — no trifles in his eyes — was that his wife was once invited to Trianon, where she could go without him, and not invited to Marly, where etiquette required that the husband should accompany the wife. Overeagerness to magnify his own importance seems to have blinded Saint-Simon to the inconsistency of his statement. If the king continued giving the candle to conceal his pique, why did he make a point of showing that he was offended? As for the three years, he states that he came to a full explanation with his Majesty, ending in a reconciliation, in the course of the year following, 1703.

There were certain feast-days on which, after mass and vespers, a lady of the court *quêtait* (made a collection for the poor), being named for that duty by the queen or dauphiness. The ladies of the house of Lorraine, who claimed to be on a level with princesses of the blood, evaded it as beneath them; Saint-Simon, conceiving that the duchesses were entitled to hold their heads equally high, got up a cabal to bring about a general refusal on their part; and the result was that the collection became irregular and bade fair to be discontinued altogether. On hearing this, the king vowed that rather than the custom should be given up, the purse should be carried round by the Duchess of Burgundy; and that as for Saint-Simon, "he had done nothing since he quitted the service but study degrees of rank and get into squabbles with everybody; that he was the originator of all this; and that if he had his deserts, he would be sent so

far off as to give no more trouble for a long time to come." When his Majesty's words were reported to him, he requested an audience, in which he expatiated on the propriety of placing the duchesses on the same footing as the princesses, and of compelling all to carry round the purse when their turn came; professing at the same time his entire readiness to carry it himself or turn churchwarden for the nonce. The freedom of his language, he boasts, conciliated instead of offending the king; and the audience, prolonged as a mark of special favour to the unusual length of half an hour, was so successful that, after reporting what had passed to the older courtiers, he twitted them with not being equally free when their interests and privileges were at stake.

It was customary for the king at the communion to be attended by two dukes, or a prince of the blood and a duke; but if a *fils de France* was present, he alone performed the duty (holding up a corner of the cloth) which otherwise devolved upon a duke. The Duke of Orleans having acted without a duke, Monsieur le Duc (de Condé) assumed the same privilege, whereupon the ever-watchful Saint-Simon takes alarm. He first tries some other dukes, but their tameness and meanness of spirit, their *mollesse et misère*, baffled him.

I guessed as much, and had at the same time written to the Duke of Orleans in Spain all I thought best adapted to pique him; and with reference to the preservation of his rank above princes of the blood, not to suffer them to place themselves on a level with him by this usurpation on the dukes. On his return, I got him to speak to the king. The king begged to be excused. . . . In a word, nothing was done, and so the matter remained. . . . Although often subsequently pressed to be present at the king's communions, and at times when there were no princes of the blood at the court—for the bastards had not yet appeared there—I could never bring my mind to it, and I have never since attended them.

In spite of repeated warnings, Saint-Simon persevered in raising questions of this kind; and his dislike to Vendôme, who was highly favoured by the king, led him into the extraordinary imprudence of offering and making a wager that Lille, which Vendôme was to relieve, would be taken without a battle. That he won the wager was no excuse for making it—indeed, made matters worse; and he naturally fell under the imputation that the wish was father to the thought. The king's looks had again become cold, or

rumours had reached him of a cloud gathering at Versailles, when, in 1709, he took counsel with his wife and the chancellor as to the prudence of withdrawing altogether from the court, and residing permanently, or the greater part of the year, at his country-seat. They strongly disapproved the project, which we suspect he never seriously entertained; and emboldened by the success of his former audience, he applied to his friend Maréchal (surgeon-in-chief) to get him another.

Maréchal thought a moment, then, looking me full in the face, "I will do it," he said with animation, "and in fact there is no other course open to you. *You have already spoken to him several times*; he has always been satisfied at these; he will not fear what you will have to say to him, from the experience he has had already. I do not answer for it that he will consent, if he is well determined against you; but let me alone to choose my time well."

Maréchal was as good as his word, and chose his time well for making the request. "But," replied the king, "what can he have to say to me? there is nothing. It is true some trifles about him have come to my ears, but nothing of consequence; tell him to make himself easy, and that I have nothing against him." On Maréchal's still pressing for the audience, the king resumed, with an air of indifference, "Well then, agreed, when he will." Some days having elapsed, Saint-Simon walked up to the king's table as he was finishing his dinner, and reminded him of his gracious promise.

He turned to me, and with a polite air, replied: "When you will; I could very well at once, but I have business, and it would be too short," and a moment after turned to me again, and said: "But to-morrow morning if you choose."

The audience took place on the morrow, January, 1710; and after putting the best colour on the wager as implying no want of loyalty and patriotism, he began answering things which he supposed to have been repeated against him; to which the king, evidently attaching no importance to them, remarked that he had only himself to thank if evil tongues had been busy at his expense.

"This shows you," replied the king, assuming a truly paternal air, "on what footing you are in the world, and you must own that this reputation, you in some measure merit it. If you had never been engaged in affairs of rank, if at least you had not appeared so excited about those that have arisen, and about

the ranks themselves, people would not have that to say of you."

When the audience ended, Saint-Simon felt so confident of the impression he had made, that he begged the king to think of him for an apartment to enable him to pay more assiduous court.

The king replied that there was none vacant, and with a half-bow, laughing and gracious, walked towards his other cabinets; and I, after a low bow, went out where I came in, after more than half an hour of the most favourable audience, and far above what I had ventured to hope.

The court went to Marly on the 28th of April, 1710.

I had gone to La Ferté. Madame de Saint-Simon offered herself for this expedition. It was the first the king had made to Marly since the audience he had given me. We were of the party. I arrived there from La Ferté, and I have since missed but one till the king's death, even those which Madame de Saint-Simon could not join; and I remarked from this first that the king spoke to me and distinguished me more than people of my age without *charge* or familiarity with him.

On Sunday, the 5th June, 1710, the king, on returning from mass through the gallery, called to Saint-Simon to follow to the cabinet; where he was informed that Madame de Saint-Simon had been chosen, as a mark of esteem for her virtue and merit, to be lady of honour to the future Duchess of Berry. Then, after saying all sorts of obliging things of Saint-Simon and his wife, the king, "fixing him with a look and a smile meant to be winning," added: "But you must hold your tongue." The salary and appointments were fixed on the most liberal scale.

He (the king) took marked care to form for us the most agreeable apartment at Versailles. He turned out D'Antin and the Duchesse Sforza to make out of the two a complete one for each of us. He added kitchens in the court below, a very rare thing at the *château*, because we always gave dinners, and often suppers, the whole time we were at court.

He had clearly no reason to complain of the king, by whom he was almost invariably treated with considerate kindness and affability. We therefore read with surprise, in a carefully considered essay, that "it is not clear that he ever had more than three conversations with Louis," and that the two-and-twenty years which he spent at that monarch's court "were spent in what, in the language of princes, is called disgrace."

Having got as much as he had any reason to expect from the old king, Saint-Simon began to turn his attention from the setting to the rising sun and fixed his hopes on the young Duke of Burgundy, the coming Marcellus of France, the son of the dauphin (commonly called Monseigneur), on whom from early youth the proverb ran: "Son of king, father of king, never king." The event, remarks Voltaire, seems to favour the credulity of those who have faith in predictions, for he died on the 14th of April, 1711.

Saint-Simon's description of the court with its conflicting emotions when the heir-apparent was known to be at the last gasp, may be cited as one of the most favourable specimens of his style; and his own state of mind, which he frankly exposes, is well worth studying.

My first movement was to inform myself more than once, to withhold full belief in what I saw and heard; then to fear too little cause for so much alarm; finally to fall back on myself by the consideration of the suffering common to all men, and that I should some day or other find myself at the gates of death. Joy, however, pierced through the momentary reflections of religion and humanity by which I tried to check myself: my particular deliverance seemed to me so great and so unhopedor, that it seemed to me, with an evidence still more perfect than the truth, that the State gained all by such a loss. Amongst these thoughts, I felt in my own despite a shade of fear that the dying man might recover, and I was extremely ashamed of it.

The new dauphin did not live long enough to realize Saint-Simon's expectations, or place him in a condition to show what an amount of political sagacity had been rendered useless (as he plainly intimates) by misplaced jealousy and unmerited distrust. The prince died on the 12th of February, 1712, and Saint-Simon lost not an hour in flinging in his fortunes with the Duke of Orleans, the future regent. If the contemplation of virtue exercised a centripetal force in the one case, the contemplation of vice did not exert a centrifugal influence in the other, for Saint-Simon's adherence to the pupil of Dubois continued unshaken to his death.

He (the regent) lived publicly with Madame de Parabère: he lived with others at the same time: he amused himself with the jealousy and spite of these women: he was not the less on good terms with all; and the scandal of this public seraglio, and that of the daily ribaldry and impieties of his suppers, was extreme and universally diffused.

Saint-Simon's solitary attempt to re-

form this mode of life was remarkable for the same spirit of indulgence that softened the reproof administered by the Scotch minister to Charles II. "The king's passion for the fair could not be altogether restrained. He had once been observed using some familiarities with a young woman, and a committee of ministers was appointed to reprove him for a behaviour so unbecoming a covenanted monarch. The spokesman, of the committee, one Douglass, began with a severe aspect; informed the king that great scandal had been given to the godly; enlarged on the heinous nature of sin; and concluded with exhorting his Majesty, whenever he was disposed to amuse himself, to be more careful for the future in shutting the windows."\*

"Lent," says Saint-Simon, "had commenced, and I foresaw a frightful scandal, or a horrible sacrilege for Easter, which could not but augment this terrible scandal." He, therefore, took the bold step of pointing out to the regent the worldly consequences of profaning the holy week, feeling (he states) the hopelessness of producing an impression by dwelling on the outrage against religion and the offence in the eyes of God. On being asked what he had to propose, he replied that nothing was more simple. His Royal Highness had only to make a partial sacrifice of seven days, beginning with Easter-Tuesday, which he was to pass at Villers-Cotterets in company with five or six agreeable persons of his choice. "Walk, ride, drive, play, in short, amuse yourself; fast like the monks who made good cheer on Fridays when they fasted; don't remain too long at table, and restrain the conversation within the moderate bounds of decency; attend divine service on Good Friday and high mass on Easter Sunday. This is all I require. Do this, and I will answer for it that all goes well."

This was the substance of his advice, with which the regent eagerly closed; but his *roués*† and mistresses took the alarm: the slightest self-restraint might end in a thorough reform: he was overpersuaded to remain in Paris, leading much the same kind of life; and his sole concession to prudence or propriety was a public attendance at high mass.

There was another act of independence on which Saint-Simon prided himself, the refusal to address the regent as *Monsieur*.

*gneur*. He stood out, and stood alone, for *Monsieur*; and he explains at length his reasons for this preposterous singularity, of which the regent took no notice. At a moderate estimate, more than a thousand pages of this publication are occupied by similar topics; by memoirs, protests, disquisitions, discussions, and disputes about rank, title, seats, caps, modes of address, and privileges. He had precedence on the brain; nature meant him for a master of ceremonies; and the gold stick or the white wand of a high steward or lord chamberlain would have gratified the dearest wish of his heart.

He was named a member of the council of regency, but declined any office of individual responsibility, and his exact position is hit off by M. Martin: "*Il s'y trouva, de fait, dans son vrai milieu, critiquant beaucoup et ne faisant guère.*"\* In his eyes all other measures were as nought compared with those for the humiliation of the Parliament, the degradation of the *légitimés*, and the elevation of the duke. After giving an instance, far from convincing, of his constant postponement of all other considerations to the good of the State, he says:—

This is also seen in all I did to save the Duc du Maine against my two dearest and most lively interests, *because I believed it dangerous to attack him and the Parliament at once*, and because the Parliament was then the most pressing affair, which could not be deferred.

To postpone an act of personal vengeance with the view of making it more sure—this, then, was his highest conception of public duty or self-sacrifice. We presume it was from a similar devotion to the good of the State that, at the commencement of the regency, he insisted that the demands of his order should be considered prior to the discussion of any other business. In reference to an interview which he and some other dukes had with the regent, he says:—

M. le Duc d'Orléans made us a discourse, well gilded, to persuade us to make no innovation on the morrow; representing the trouble which this might introduce in the greatest affairs of the State which ought to be settled, such as the regency and the administration of the kingdom, and the impropriety which would fall upon all of us of stopping them, and at least retarding them—all for our particular interests.

The most pressing affair for the regent, the setting aside of the late king's will by

\* Hume, "History of England," ch. lxi.

† This term was first used by the regent to describe the companions of his convivial hours.

\* Hist. de France, vol. xv. p. 8.



a registered order or edict, raised instead of lowering the Parliament, and left the rank and precedence of the Duc du Maine and the other *légitimés* unimpaired. It gratified neither of what Saint-Simon terms his two dearest and most lively interests. The day on which his vengeance was complete, when his exultation rose to extravagance, was the 26th of August, 1718, the day of the famous *lit de justice*, in which the powers of the Parliament were restricted, and the "bastards" (with the exception of the Comte de Toulouse) reduced to the rank of ordinary peers. Saint-Simon's description of the scene is his masterpiece; and the effect is heightened by his account of the preceding deliberations in the council, and the manner in which the train was quietly laid for the grand explosion, so that it should burst upon the surprised legists and bastards like a thunderclap. Speaking of the first president (De Mesmes), who rose to deliver a remonstrance, he says:—

The scoundrel trembled, however, in pronouncing it. His broken voice, the constraint in his eyes, the sinking and trouble visible in all his person, gave the lie to the rest of the venom the libation of which he could not refuse to his company and himself. It was then that I tasted with inexpressible delight the spectacle of these haughty lawyers, who dare refuse us the salute, prostrate on their knees and rendering at our feet a homage to the throne, whilst seated and covered on the elevated seats at the sides of this same throne, these situations and these postures, so greatly disproportioned, alone plead with all the force of evidence the cause of those who, veritably and in effect, are *laterales regis* against this *vas electum* of the *tiers état*!

The reading of the third declaration or order was almost too much for him.

Each word was legislative, and carried a fresh fall. The attention was general, and held every one immovable so as not to lose a word, with eyes fixed on the clerk who was reading. Towards the third of this reading, the first president, *grinding the few teeth he had left*, sank down with his forehead on his *bâton*, which he held with both hands, and in this singular posture heard to the end this reading, so crushing for him, so resurrectionary for us.

As for me, I was dying of joy. I was afraid that I should faint: my heart, dilated to excess, no longer found room enough to expand. The violence I put upon myself so as to let nothing escape, was infinite. Yet this torment was delicious. I compared the years of servitude—the sad days, when, dragged to Parliament as a victim, I had so many times served as a triumph to the bastards—the different degrees by which they had mounted to this height above our heads—I compared

these, I say, to this day of justice and of rule, to this appalling fall, which with the same blow raised us by the force of the rebound. I recalled, with the most potent charm, what I had dared announce to the Duc du Maine the day of the scandal of the cap (*bonnet*) under the despotism of his father. My eyes witnessed at last the effect and the accomplishment of this measure. I felt indebted to myself; I thanked myself that it was by me it was brought about. I considered the radiant splendour in the presence of the king and so august an assembly. I triumphed; I was avenged; I swam in my vengeance. I enjoyed the full accomplishment of the most vehement and the most sustained desires of my life. I was tempted never to care for anything again.

During the registration I cast my eyes round, and if I put some restraint on them, I could not resist the temptation of indemnifying myself on the first president. Insult, contempt, disdain, triumph, were darted at him to his very marrow from my eyes. He frequently looked down when he encountered my gaze; once or twice he fixed his on me, and I took pleasure in outraging him by stolen but black smiles which completed his confusion. I revelled in his rage, and found pleasure in making him feel that I did!

There is a great deal more of the same sort; and all about matters which in no respect affected his real interest or honour, matters which a man of true dignity, even of his own frivolous generation, would have despised.

The last eventful episode in his public career was his Spanish embassy in 1721, which gave occasion for a disquisition on the institutions and manners of Spain to which he had already devoted a large part of a volume. It is replete with information, tediously spun out, as are the rest of his digressive lucubrations and summaries of events. These, although he took great pains with them, will not enhance his reputation, which must rest on his narratives, his descriptions, his historic groups, and, above all, on his analysis and delineation of character. Wonder is blended with admiration at the abundance and variety of his biographical sketches and portraits. They may be counted by hundreds, yet no two of them are alike: each has a physiognomy of its own, and is distinguished by the most unerring marks of individuality. This alone is a decided proof that they were drawn from the life. Invention and fancy are limited: nature is inexhaustible. He has been compared to Rubens for boldness of outline and richness of colouring; and he resembles Rembrandt in the artistic effects which he produces by strong contrasts of light and



shade. The shade, however, is too frequently deepened by hatred, malice and uncharitableness: the moral tone is low: we are disposed to agree with Sainte-Beuve that "it is an immense and prodigious talent rather than a high and complete intellect;" and, taken all in all, we can hardly understand how any reader, learned or unlearned, can warm or puff himself into enthusiasm for the author or the man. Here, however, we are again at variance with Mr. Reeve; and, coupling the wide circulation of his views with the decided manner in which they are advanced, it would be a dereliction of critical duty, indeed hardly complimentary to him, to pass them over as of no account.

"The French of the present day," he says, "look on Saint-Simon with mingled and inconsistent feelings. They are compelled to admit that the prodigious force and variety of his style raise him to the very highest rank in literature—as keen a wit as Molière; as fervent a Christian as Bossuet; as stern in his judgments as Tacitus; as fierce in his invectives as Juvenal."\*

Nor is this all. His writings are "illuminated by the power of genius and the love of truth." One of his portraits (the Duke of Burgundy) is termed "magnificent," and another (Fénelon) "of transcendent beauty." We are told that "no one can read these memoirs without being struck with the unaffected piety of their author;" that "his nature was cast in a larger mould, and something of an heroic character mingled in all his thoughts;" whilst our commiseration is invoked for his unhappy fate in finding himself "one of a flock of courtiers, whose highest ambition was to light the king to his bedroom, or to hold his shirt when he was dressing."

But was not this Saint-Simon's highest ambition too? Was he not constantly fidgeting, fussifying, intriguing, quarrelling about forms and ceremonies? He would not attend the king's communion except in what he thought his proper place as duke. He would not allow his wife to join in a work of charity because it might compromise her dignity as a duchess; although he permitted her to retain her place as lady of honour in constant attendance on the Duchess of Berry, when that princess was leading a life of open and avowed licentiousness. In his "*Discours sur le Duc de Bourgogne*" he intimates pretty clearly that religion and

Christian charity are very good things in their way, but may be carried too far in a prince.

Therefore a less assiduous attendance at divine service all the Sundays and feast days of the year would take nothing before God from Monseigneur of the chaste delight he finds in hearing His praises chanted.

This savours more of Lord Chesterfield or Polonius than of Bossuet. Saint-Simon's visits to La Trappe were like those of a fine lady to her confessor, after which she feels eager and qualified to start fresh. Improving on Clermont Tonnerre, he believed in his inmost soul that *le bon Dieu n'aura jamais le cœur de damner un duc et pair*. His want of self-knowledge, and his inordinate self-esteem, saved him from self-reproach. With the examples of Lionne, Colbert, and Louvois before his eyes, he accounts for his not occupying a higher place in the royal favour by laying down that Louis had an intuitive aversion for men of capacity and integrity who spoke their minds. His shortlived resolves to quit the court were as unreal, and as barren of results, as Mr. Charles Greville's denunciations of the turf. His actual retirement into private life (in 1723) was reluctant and enforced. Although he refused to accept shares in the Mississippi scheme from a shrewd anticipation of a crash, he received a large sum through Law as compensation for an inherited claim on the State that had lain dormant for nearly half a century.

The distinctive qualities of Tacitus and Juvenal are altogether wanting in Saint-Simon. He was not a deep thinker: he did not write to expose corruption or reform vice. He wrote to indulge his feelings; and he never meant what he wrote to see the light till the time at which it could be useful as a satire had long passed away. The persons he spared least were those who had wounded his vanity or offended his prejudices. The persons he praised most were those who had aided, obliged, or flattered him. This does not look as if he was uniformly actuated by the strong sense of justice or the pure love of truth. Piquancy of expression is his nearest approach to wit; and he had fortunately no humour, or he would have perceived the absurdity of much that he has usefully recorded from a conviction of its gravity. In delicacy (or indelicacy) he is about on a par with Swift, whose description of the Yahoos is the nearest literary parallel to Saint-Simon's account of the habits of some of the most distinguished

\* Royal and Republican France, vol. i. p. 155.

personages who figure in his pages. We allude particularly to such passages as the sketch of the Duc de Vendôme's first acquaintance with Alberoni: the scene with the king and Madame de Maintenon in which the young and charming Duchess of Burgundy adopts a singular expedient for keeping herself cool at the theatre: that in which she is portrayed chatting with her ladies-of-honour before retiring to rest with the duke, who is waiting for her; and the hurried visit of the Duchesse de Chevreuse to a chapel on the road from Paris to Versailles. Yet if such things had been suppressed the picture of manners would have been incomplete.

With rare exception,\* his general reflections are commonplace. He tells us absolutely nothing of the state or progress of art, science, literature, or philosophy. He seldom mentions a book, and only pays the tribute of passing praise to authors like Corneille, Racine, and La Bruyère, whose fame was established beyond dispute. He thus mentions Voltaire:—

Arouet, son of a notary who was my father's and mine till his death, was exiled and sent to Tulle for very satirical and very impudent verses. I should not amuse myself by remarking so small a trifle, if this same Arouet, become great poet and academicien under the name of Voltaire, had not ended by being a kind of personage in the republic of letters, and even a kind of "important" amongst a certain world.

In 1710, when the Duke of Burgundy, the grandson of Louis, was twenty-eight, Saint-Simon, at the request of the Duc de Beauvilliers, reduced to writing the heads of a conversation regarding the conduct and demeanour most appropriate for the prince. This "*Discours sur le Duc de Bourgogne*," as it is entitled, contains not a syllable about political principles or measures; and was cautiously kept back from prudential reasons, which were equally strong against any oral or written communications to the same effect. He never specifies the subject of his conversations with the prince; but in proof of his liberality and comprehensiveness of view, Mr. Reeve says:

Viewing with horror and aversion the ruinous decline of the monarchy, and anticipating from afar its dissolution if the course of events was not turned aside, he applied himself, in

\* "So true is it that we forget still less the injuries we inflict, than those even which we receive" (vol. i. p. 75). He has here hit upon the same thought as Dryden:—

"Forgiveness to the injured doth belong,  
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong."

conjunction with the most illustrious of his friends, to form the political principles of the heir to the crown, the young Duc de Bourgogne, whose natural ferocity and pride had been effectually subdued by the benign authority of Fénelon. Was there another at the court of Versailles who would have inculcated on the future sovereign of France, that kings are made for their subjects and not subjects for kings; who would, in 1710, have pointed to the States-General as the sole hope of the nation, and have contended that the strength and security of the ruler lay in the constitutional limitation of his power?

The author of "Royal and Republican France" is here on his own ground, on which he may be supposed to see his way clearly; but, with all due deference, we submit that Saint-Simon did none of these things, and that one, at least, was already done to his hands. It was rather late in the day, considering the duke's age, to inculcate the doctrine that kings are made for their subjects and not subjects for kings, which had been familiar to him from boyhood, which (in Saint-Simon's words) "this dauphin fully appreciated, and did not fear to assert openly and loudly." It is the moral of "Telemachus;"\* and on hearing of the event which had so rapidly accelerated the approach of his pupil to the throne, Fénelon wrote to him: "*Il ne faut pas que tous soient à un seul; mais un seul doit être à tous pour faire leur bonheur.*"

We know of no recommendation of the States-General by Saint-Simon in 1710; but in 1715, after the death of the dauphin, and shortly before the death of Louis, he laid some schemes before the regent-expectant which show the spirit in which he would have proceeded to reform the most crying abuses. The primary cause, the *fons et origo*, of them all, in his eyes, was the exclusion of the nobles from the principal departments of the State. Speaking of the controller-general and the four secretaries, he says:—

He (the Duke of Orleans) was not less wounded than I at the tyranny which those five kings of France exercised at their will and pleasure in the king's name, and in almost all without his knowledge, and the insupportable height to which they had climbed. . . .

\* "Telemachus" says of Sesostris: "Il ne croyait être roi que pour faire du bien à ses sujets." The wicked kings in Tartarus are punished amongst other things for "leur dureté pour les hommes dont ils auraient dû faire la félicité." "Telemachus," we need hardly add, was written for the instruction of this prince. It was first published, without the consent of the author, in 1693, and immediately suppressed by Louis, who took offence at the liberality of the opinions, and imagined Sesostris to be meant for himself.

My design, then, was to begin by placing the nobility in the ministry, with the dignity and authority that became them, at the expense of the gown and pen, and to conduct affairs wisely by degrees, and according to the opportunities; so that, little by little, this *roture* should lose all the administrations which are not purely judicial, and that great lords and all nobility should, little by little be substituted in all their employments, and always by preference in those which by their nature should be exercised by other hands, in order to subject all to the nobility in every species of administration, but with the precautions necessary against abuses.

He proposed to begin by councils formed of nobles, with an eminent noble for president.

The state of the finances was so desperate, that Saint-Simon, after giving the fullest consideration to the subject, comes to the conclusion that the most advisable course would be a national bankruptcy, to be declared by edict; and it was to shelter the regent from the responsibility that he proposed to convoke the States-General, throw all the odium upon them by getting them to pass the edict, and then send them about their business.

Then I made him feel the address and the delicacy with which, above all things, it was necessary to make sure that the States should pronounce nothing; should decree nothing; should confirm nothing; that their acclamation should never be anything more than what is called *verba et voces*. . . . Thus the decoy (*leurre*) is complete; it is hollow throughout; the States-General acquire no rights from it; whilst the Duke of Orleans has all the essential through this specious and (to the nation) so interesting error. . . . The means of restraining the States, after having so powerfully excited them, appeared to me very easy. Protest, with confidence and modesty, that nothing is desired but their hearts, etc.

He then proceeds to recommend tactics which might be called Machiavellian, but for their transparent simplicity and absurdity. In short, the enlightened high-minded statesman, as he has been termed, saw "the sole hope of the nation" in a national bankruptcy and a shallow artifice. He expresses great disappointment when the Duke of Orleans, on becoming regent, refuses to adopt this scheme. But in 1717, when the duke, pressed by fresh difficulties, was disposed to have recourse to the States-General, Saint-Simon drew up a memoir (filling fifty pages) to prove that the golden opportunity had been let slip, and that the States might turn out dangerous and unmanageable.

But besides the capital point of the relief of the people, which will put the whole kingdom on the side of the States, without weighing what is or what is not possible, who can be sure of the number or the nature of the propositions which they may bring upon the *tapis*? The more violent the present situation, the more difficult the remedies, the more the blame of them is thrown on the past government, so much the more will the States feel it incumbent on them to search for solid means of preventing their return; and through this desire so natural, even so just if it were within their province, so much the more will they try to give themselves authority for it. Now who can imagine, with any approach to precision, what means may be proposed? All that can be foreseen is that there are no possible means which would not weigh heavily on the royal authority, or which may not be put forward to bridle it.

*We are not in England; and God preserve a guardian and conservator of the royal authority, so enlightened as your Royal Highness, from giving occasion for the usages of this neighbouring kingdom; from which our kings have emancipated themselves for centuries, and of which ours would require a great account from you. No need of States-General to obtain aid from the peoples of France; the king, by himself alone, provides for it by his registered edicts and declarations.*

Surely this is plain enough. The bare notion of a limited monarchy or a constitutional government never crossed Saint-Simon's mind, except to be discredited and repudiated. The longing desire of his life was to suppress the Parliament, the only semblance of a constitutional check: the *lit de justice*, which called forth so much unseemly and ungenerous exultation, was a downright act of despotism; and the words which brought his heart to his mouth were, "*Le roi* (a boy of eight) *veut être obéi, et obéi sur-le-champ!*" He despised the people, and did not know what civil or religious liberty meant. When the regent, vividly impressed by the vast amount of injury, the depopulation and impoverishment, inflicted on the kingdom by the expulsion of the Huguenots, proposed recalling and emancipating them, Saint-Simon vehemently objected, on the ground that they would never be satisfied without equality, and that all the troubles resulting from their obstinate adherence to their peculiar opinions under successive sovereigns would be renewed.

Far from wishing for the re-establishment of the old aristocracy, Saint-Simon highly commends Richelieu for reducing them to what he terms their "just meas-

ure of honour, distinction, consideration, and authority" — to a condition which no longer admits of their "agitating" or "speaking loud to the king." When, therefore, Mr. Reeve compares the political principles of Saint-Simon to those of the Whig peers of 1688, the comparison is about as true as Mr. Disraeli's comparison of those same Whig peers to the Venetian oligarchy. When, again, Mr. Reeve appeals to Saint-Simon's proposal for convoking the States-General as a recognition of popular rights, he falls into an error analogous to that of the orator who called on the lieges to rally round their sovereign like the barons at Runnymede.

The terms "magnificent" and "transcendent beauty" are about as applicable to Saint-Simon's portraits as "heroic" to his cast of mind. His portrait of Fénelon is principally remarkable for the artistic skill and felicitous language with which the praise is qualified and the attractive features shaded off, so as to produce the impression of a courtier-prelate who blended the *grand seigneur* with the priest, was all things to all men, and had his thoughts fixed more on this world than the next.\* It is an ironical portrait, not a captivating one: it conveys no sense of beauty to our minds; and we much prefer the portrait of the author of "Telemachus" by La Bruyère, as both more pleasing and more true.

There is one consideration, however, which may help to console the most ardent admirers of Saint-Simon when they cannot get colder or calmer critics to keep pace with them in their enthusiasm. If he had been in advance of his age instead of being on an exact level with it, the representative of his order, the type of his class — if he had been a stern moralist, a philosopher who despised forms and ceremonies, or a far-sighted high-principled statesman, he would not be the Saint-Simon who has descended to us: he would not, and could not, have composed the most curious and valuable passages of his memoirs. This is as clear as that we should not have had Boswell's Johnson, or Pepys's diary, or Walpole's

letters, without the foibles, vanity, egotism, affectation, and love of gossip, to which the rare flavour of their writings is as certainly owing as that of the *foie gras* to the diseased liver of the goose. We cannot have it both ways. Men of an heroic cast of mind, of commanding genius, of lofty ambition, of elevated views, will not make it the chief business of their lives to struggle for straws and feathers and complacently record the struggle: to chronicle the current scandals or fix the fleeting follies of a court; and it is precisely because Saint-Simon was not a Molière, a Bossuet, a Tacitus, a Juvenal, or a felicitous compound of all four, that he occupies his peculiar place in French literature: that he is hailed at last, by almost universal consent, as the author of the richest, most suggestive, illustrative, entertaining collection of contemporary anecdotes, scenes, and characters which any age or country has produced.

From Temple Bar.

HER DEAREST FOE.

#### CHAPTER XV.

(continued.)

ANOTHER day of great anxiety, though not of so much excitement, ensued. Several gentlemen connected with the Hunt came and sent to make inquiries for the injured baronet. Lady Styles despatched a man on horseback with a note to Dr. Slade, which drew forth some strong language from that gentleman, as he objected to the trouble of replying; but, in spite of all these disturbances, Mrs. Temple contrived to enjoy some comfort in taking counsel with Tom. She reluctantly agreed with him in thinking there was no more to be done at present. Tom suggested that the substance of Captain Gregory's statement should be embodied in an affidavit in case the worthy seaman should be inaccessible when any further light came. Then they must fold their hands again and wait. This course was decided on, also — that it was unnecessary to open the subject again with Messrs. Wall and Wreford until they had more to communicate. "Do you know," said Tom, as he stood ready to depart, "I am almost sorry we have looked up this captain? His information has not done you a bit of good. It only serves to irritate and chafe you, by confirming your suspicions of foul play."

"No, Tom," returned Kate. "In one

\* To cite a paragraph: "Plus coquet que toutes les femmes, mais en solides et non en misères, sa passion était de plaire, et il avait autant de soin de captiver les valets que les maîtres, et les plus petites gens que les personnages. Il avait pour cela des talents faits exprès, une douceur, une insinuation, des grâces naturelles et qui coulaient de source, un esprit facile, ingénieux, fleuri, agréable, dont il tenait pour ainsi dire le robinet, pour en verser la qualité et la quantité exactement convenable à chaque chose et à chaque personne."

sense it comforts me, by confirming my belief that my poor husband was worthy of my affection and respect; that he was not base enough to leave me penniless, friendless, and scarred with the suspicions to which such a will leaves me open!"

"You are unnecessarily sore on that head! The whims of testators never reflect upon those who suffer from them," returned Tom. "That would be too bad. Now I must be off: write to me every day, one or other of you, please. I shall settle that matter of the affidavit directly I get to town."

It was not till the evening of the day after his accident that Sir Hugh Galbraith began to show consciousness, after which beginning he recovered his senses rapidly.

The third day brought a solemn, carefully-dressed gentleman from London, who announced himself to be Mr. George Galbraith, and next of kin to Sir Hugh. He asked to see the mistress of the house, and Mrs. Temple sent Mills, who knew more of the patient's case than she did. Mills proved an excellent representative. She reported the new-comer as a nice, civil-spoken gentleman. He had received intelligence of the accident from Colonel Upton, who had telegraphed to the doctor requesting further tidings, and stating that it was almost impossible that he could leave his regiment at present.

"Mr. G. St. John Galbraith" (such was the inscription on his card) had an interview with his cousin—not a very long one—and departed, "looking," said Fanny, who took a stolen peep at him through an inch-wide opening of the parlour-door, "a sadder and a wiser man" than when he arrived. Depend upon it, Kate, he is the next heir, and is quite disappointed."

"For shame, Fanny," returned her friend.

A few days more, and ten had elapsed since the accident. As Dr. Slade had assured Mrs. Temple, there was very little to be done, and very little additional trouble given to the quiet household. Mrs. Mills confessed that Sir Hugh's man was very different from "that other glum, dour fellow we had here. He doesn't talk much, but he has a civil word when he does open his mouth, and saves a body what trouble he can."

It seemed incredible that the arch-enemy should be installed under Kate Travers's roof and make so little difference. A constant odour of beef tea in the kitchen, a little more compounding of light puddings, a larger roast for the one o'clock

dinner, a larger consumption of the bitter beer which Tom Reed so highly approved—these were the outward and visible signs of the wonderful event that had so mightily disturbed the quiet current of the young widow's life.

Sir Hugh had now progressed into the sitting-room, and at times, when the shop was silent, Kate and Fanny could hear him slowly pacing to and fro. Every day the doctor paid him a long visit, after which he usually informed Mrs. Temple, rubbing his hands joyously while he spoke, that "Sir Hugh was going on very well—very well indeed—but could not move just yet; would do better if he was a little more patient."

Sir Hugh became a customer also. He had all the papers and publications Mrs. Temple could supply, besides books from Mudie's, Indian papers, literature in abundance of the lighter kind, and, as time wore on, the house became pervaded by the perfume of very good tobacco.

"Ah!" said Fanny, when she first perceived it, "that is delicious! it reminds me of Tom!"

One rainy afternoon, nearly a fortnight after Sir Hugh Galbraith had become her tenant, Mrs. Temple and Fanny were both in the shop—the latter at work on a piece of "grounding" she kept at hand for unemployed moments, the former sheltered behind a screen of pendent patterns, finishing a delightful, brilliant article in a *Westminster Review* left her by Tom Reed. It was a hopeless sort of day for business, scarcely any customers had crossed the threshold, and Mrs. Temple felt quite at liberty to obey a mysterious "nod and beck" from Mrs. Mills, delivered through the little parlour-window. "Do you know, ma'am," said Mills, as soon as her mistress crossed the threshold, "Sir Hugh Galbraith wants you to go up and write a letter for him?"

"Write a letter," repeated Mrs. Temple, astounded.

"Yes," persisted Mills, frowning yet laughing. "I felt as if I could throw the jug I had in my hand at him. His man has gone over to the place he had, I believe it is to be given up to-morrow. So I went to answer the bell, and says he, 'Can you write?' 'Of course I can,' says I. 'Very well,' says he, quick; 'get the writing-materials, and be so good as to write a letter for me.' 'That's quite different,' says I, 'I couldn't write well enough for you, sir.' 'Oh!' says he, 'you are not the woman of the house, are you?' 'No, sir,' says I. 'Well, I dare-



say she writes well enough; I wish you would ask her to come here,' says he, impatient like. So I just came to you, for I didn't know what to say."

Mrs. Temple stood silent, gazing fixedly at Mills without seeing her, for a minute or two in deep thought. Should she refuse? Should she send Fanny? No; Fanny was too young — too giddy. Moreover she had a strange sort of wish to stand face to face with her foe. While she hesitated, a sharp, angry peal of the drawing-room bell startled her into decision. "I will go, Mills," she said; "tell Miss Fanny." Without giving herself time to think or grow nervous, Kate ran up-stairs, and opening the door, which stood ajar, entered so quietly that Sir Hugh did not hear her. He was stretched upon the sofa, a cigar in his mouth and the *Times* in his left hand; his right arm tied up and in a sling. A tall, gaunt-looking figure, wrapped in a grey dressing-gown covered with Indian embroidery in the same colour; a long, thin face, very pale though slightly weather-beaten; long red moustaches, hair a shade darker and somewhat scanty upon the temples, one of which was scarred, as if by a sword-cut. As he made no movement, Mrs. Temple advanced to a table that stood in the middle of the room, and, leaning one hand lightly upon it, said, "You wished to see me."

At the sound of her soft, but remarkably distinct tones, Sir Hugh looked up in great surprise, and starting to his feet threw his cigar into the fire.

"I beg your pardon," he exclaimed, in a deep, harsh voice, though the accent was well-bred, and gazing at her intently with, she thought, the sternest and most sombre eyes she had ever met; "I beg your pardon; I wanted to speak to the woman of the house."

"I am the woman of the house," returned Mrs. Temple, quietly, meeting and returning his gaze unflinchingly, her large dark eyes lit up with an expression of which she was unconscious, but which Sir Hugh afterwards described to a confidential friend as "the sort of look you might expect from a man that stood foot to foot with you, his sword across yours. There was hatred and defiance both in her eyes."

For an instant they paused, gazing fascinated at each other, then Sir Hugh recovering himself, said composedly enough, "Indeed! May I trouble you to write a few lines for me! I am anxious not to

lose this day's post or I would not ask you."

"I will write for you if you require it," returned Mrs. Temple, simply. "Where are your writing-things?"

"On the cabinet; but I will get them."

"Allow me," said Mrs. Temple; "you had better not exert yourself, I imagine." She brought over a blotting-book and ink-bottle, and, setting them on the table, observed, "I see no pen. I will bring one," and went away quickly to her own desk. When she returned Sir Hugh was standing exactly in the same position in which she had left him. She immediately sat down, arranged the paper, and dipping her pen in the ink, looked up, saying, "I am quite ready." Again she met the same grave, surprised, inquiring gaze; again there was an unconscious pause of mutual contemplation.

"I am ready," repeated Mrs. Temple.

"My dear Upton," began Sir Hugh.

"If you begin in the first person," said Mrs. Temple abruptly, for she could not feel him to be a stranger, "how will you sign your name? You cannot write! Had I not better begin: 'I am directed by Sir Hugh Galbraith'?"

"Then *you* must sign it, and that won't do," he returned. "I will try and sign with my left hand."

"Very well, go on then," said Mrs. Temple.

"My dear Upton. Thanks for yours. I believe I am nearly all right again, though still a little shaky. If your friend's horse is all you say, and you are a fair judge, I feel inclined to buy him."

"One moment," interrupted Mrs. Temple, looking up with a smile; "I am not writing shorthand."

"I beg your pardon," smiling, in return, which greatly improved his countenance: "I never had the honour of having a private secretary before and scarcely know how to dictate."

"To buy him," read Mrs. Temple, keeping her eyes on the paper; "go on." Sir Hugh did not go on for a moment; but Mrs. Temple did not move, holding her pen in readiness and her eyes cast down.

"If he is all you say," continued Galbraith.

"You said that before."

"Would you read it over to me?"

Mrs. Temple complied.

"Oh — ah — yes; 'inclined to buy him.' Although now the season is over I really do not want a hunter. I shall



therefore not give the price asked, nor make any offer until I see the animal."

Mrs. Temple held up her hand, and Galbraith stopped abruptly, until her pen was arrested, and again without looking up she read aloud, "the animal."

"Which," he resumed this time quite readily, "from what you say, I shall have an opportunity of doing, if I can only get up to town before Tattersall's next sale. What I want is a good weight-carrier, that can stand the jar of big drops without giving way; for I think I shall hunt in —shire, next season, and that is a very stiff country."

Again, a warning finger made him pause, nor was he prepared, when she read over the last word; so she was obliged to say "Well," and look up, before he continued. This time she met his eyes fixed upon her with the same grave wondering expression, but less stern than at first.

"Country," repeated Sir Hugh. "Let me see. Oh! — You know a horse must be deep in the girths and deuced strong in the fore-legs to carry me well to the front in —shire." Another pause.

"I must not trouble you too much," said Galbraith, slowly pulling out his moustaches, as if his inventive powers were exhausted. "Just say I am thinking of parting with my roan mare — she would make him a capital charger; that I am afraid my sword-arm will never be the same again; and that I hope to see him in London before long.

"Have you that down?" after a few minutes' silence.

"I have."

"Then just end it; and I will try and sign my name."

"But what sort of ending shall I put?" asked Kate.

"Yours truly," returned Galbraith.

"Upton never had so legible an epistle from me before," he added, as she handed him the letter to read; placing the blotting-book, ink, and pen near him, while he was thus occupied. Then a difficulty arose; besides that of using his left hand, Sir Hugh had no other wherewith to steady the paper, seeing which, Mrs. Temple, with the natural impulse of a kindly, self-forgetful woman, stepped forward and held it for him; so he contrived to scrawl his signature. "Thank you. You really have done me a great service," said he quietly, but very sincerely. "Now, will you direct an envelope, and I will release you. What a capital hand," he continued, still holding the let-

ter, while Mrs. Temple addressed the cover; "so clear — and — well-spelt," as if speaking to himself.

"Tradespeople generally receive a good plain education," said Mrs. Temple, demurely, while the suspicion of a smile played in the corners of her mouth; she could not resist the temptation to play with the *piquante* peculiarities of her position. "Shall I put up your note, or do you want anything added?" holding out her hand.

"Nothing more, thank you," replied Galbraith, slowly returning it to her; and she proceeded quickly and methodically to arrange the writing-materials much more tidily than they had been, and put them in their place.

"Pray," said Sir Hugh, moving slowly across the room, and looking to Mrs. Temple considerably taller and more gaunt than when lying on the sofa, "pray, may I venture to ask your services as secretary again? I may have to answer a letter or two, and I am really helpless."

"I am sure," she returned, a faint increase of colour enriching her cheek, "Doctor Slade would be happy to be of any use to you, and would be a more suitable amanuensis."

"I don't think so. Doctors write such fearful hieroglyphics. I trust you will be good enough to assist me in an emergency."

"In an emergency, yes," said Kate quickly. "I will have your letter posted at once," she added. "Good-morning."

"Good-morning, and thank you," said Galbraith, holding the door open for her to pass through, while he bowed as deferentially as though she had been a duchess.

Mrs. Temple breathed a little quickly as she went into the kitchen to despatch Sarah to the post, and then proceeded to stand the brunt of a severe cross-examination from Fanny.

"What a long time you have been," she cried. "What is he like? What was the letter about?" All of which, Kate answered more or less to her companion's satisfaction. Indeed, both friends made very merry over the interview. "I am sure, Kate, your description of the renowned Sir Hugh sounds like an ogre."

"No; he is not like an ogre, though he is far from good-looking; evidently a cold, haughty man, yet not quite like what I expected."

"Nobody ever is," said Fanny, philosophically.

When Mrs. Temple was safe in her own room that night, she lit a second candle,

and placing one on each side of her glass looked long at her own image; then rising from her seat, murmured to herself: "No, it would be undignified, unprincipled, unfair; yet, from all I can read and observe, men do not take disappointments to heart and suffer from them like women." Again she looked in the glass: "A bit of vulgar prettiness," she repeated. "He might have been contented to take me for a mistress.' Might he? Of course it was optional to so great a man, so superior to my lowliness; 'and he must have found me out in some delinquency.'" She paused. "It is a great temptation!" So saying, she extinguished the lights, and went to bed.

## CHAPTER XVI.\*

TIME, inexorable time, sped on. The summer visitors had gradually departed, and the full torrent of "season" trade subsided to the ordinary yet not despicable rivulet of local demand. Autumn faded into winter; the short days brought with them long cosy evenings for reading and for work,—and although Kate had occasionally to struggle with sharp fever-fits of impatient longing for movement, for intelligence, for light of any kind to guide her to some outlet from the mystery of her present lot, she felt she was singularly fortunate in her career so far; and that could she hold on and keep clear of debt, her humble undertaking might insure bread and independence.

Even through the depth of the winter a bright day generally brought customers from the neighbouring country houses, for a visit to the Berlin Bazaar had become one of the regulation "objects" for a winter's drive, as the "Abbey" or the "Castle" were for summer picnics.

Fanny's misunderstanding with her lover gave Mrs. Temple a good deal of trouble. For a considerable time the offended parties kept up a transparent veil of indifference, which on Fanny's side dissolved in tears, when she grew confidential alone with Kate, and exhaled again into a perceptible cloud of sauciness when she sent Tom messages or wrote to him. But the matter was not finally settled till Kate went to town to make sundry additions to her stock, and had a good long talk with Tom, which resulted in a full, complete, and rapturous reconciliation, strengthened and confirmed by a happy visit of two days at Christmas, when the display of novelties and tempta-

tions at the Berlin Bazaar startled all Pierstoffs and the surrounding district.

So the days and weeks rolled by, scarcely heeded, save when one or other of the partners exclaimed at the rapid recurrence of Sunday. And now the daylight began to stay a little longer each evening, and blustering north-easters to show how fierce and rough the young year could be in its play.

It was the close of a bright cold day which had not brought many customers to the Berlin Bazaar, and Kate had looked at her watch, thinking that soon she might order the shutters to be put up, and retire to the cosiness of the apartment usually termed the "shop-parlour." Fanny yawned twice over a thrilling tale in the last *Family Herald*, when the door of the shop opened, the well-known tinkle of a dog's bell was heard, and to their surprise Lady Styles walked in.

"Good morning, Mrs. Temple,"—to Fanny—"give me a chair; I am quite tired and out of breath. Thank you; thank you! Oh dear!"—sitting down, laying her muff on the counter, and turning round another chair to put her feet on the bar. "Well, I suppose you are surprised to see me here so late. I have been all the way to Acol Court. I have intended going there for an age; and now I find the whole family away in town. What in the world takes them to town so early, and the father not even in the House? My coachman declared he must rest and bait the horses before we attempted the long hill between this and Weston; so I thought I would rest here, and they can take me up when Davis and the horses have refreshed sufficiently. And what has been going on? Why, it is nearly ten days since I was here."

But Mrs. Temple had not even the ghost of a scandal wherewith to regale her ladyship, who felt a little impatient at this want of subject-matter for conversation.

"I protest, my dear Mrs. Temple, you are singularly unobservant for an intelligent young woman. Have you heard nothing of that new man, Bryant? Old Slade declares there is something very odd, very odd indeed, in his being always called in to the rich West-Indian girl at the school here. I fancied you must have heard something about it. You have, at all events?"—turning sharply on Fanny, who was laughing quietly, as she thought, out of sight. "No! then what are you laughing at? Well, I want a couple of pairs of gloves. Have you any black stitched with colours? They are very useful in win-

\* Chapters XV. and XVI. were transposed in *Temple Bar*.

ter. What a good idea of yours, to keep gloves!" and her ladyship doubled up a thick, pudgy hand for measurement, chattering all the time, while Fanny sought the required commodity and handed them to Kate.

"I suppose your rooms have been vacant all the winter? You did pretty well with them last season, did you not? It would be nice now for some of your London or French friends to come and pay you a visit?"

"It would," replied Kate, gravely, as she laid a black kid glove against the fist which lay on the counter.

"But visitors are expensive, hey?—pleasures of hospitality not to be had for nothing."

"No, indeed," echoed Kate.

"Of course you can see your friends when you go up to town."

"Of course, Lady Styles."

"Don't you ever take a holiday?" suddenly twisting her chair round to face Fanny.

While the little assistant parried the attack, and the cross-examination continued, Mills was resting from her labours during the lawful interval "between lights."

The back of the house, where the kitchen was situated, was considerably darkened by the cliffs behind, and evening always seemed an hour older there than at the front. Mills's arms were folded in her apron; her cap looked erect and defiant, but the eyes beneath it were closed for that indefinite space of time known as "forty winks." The "gurl," respecting the repose of so august a superior, stepped cautiously to and fro, softly placing sundry articles in their right places, and ultimately putting forth the tea-things on a small, round, deal table, which could stand comfortably near the fire and Mrs. Mills, whose feet were on the fender. In the attempt to shorten her work, the unlucky "gurl" took up too many cups and spoons in her hand, and one of the latter fell, ringing on the tiled floor.

"Eh! what mischief have you done now?" cried Mills, starting into full consciousness and wrath. "Of all the awkward—What is it?"

"Only a spoon, mum. I thought you would like your tea, so I was a-setting it."

"Oh, ay! Well, I am just dying for a cup. Is the kettle boiling? Bring me the tea-caddy."

Mrs. Mills proceeded solemnly to measure the required quantity, and held a

spoonful over the mouth of a brown teapot, smoking from the operation of scalding just performed, when the front bell was sharply and loudly rung. This was unusual.

"Now, who *can* that be!" exclaimed Mills, pausing, the spoon still in her hand. "Who can it be at this hour! Anyhow, I'll wet the tea first."

The short delay seemed to exhaust the patience of the applicant for admission, and another peal startled Mills and her sub.

"I had better go, mum," cried the latter.

"Not while I have the strength to do it will I let a chit like you go to my missus's front door!" replied Mills, solemnly, and walking slowly out of the kitchen.

On opening the front door, a gentleman met her view—a slight man, with a plaid over his shoulder, and a black bag in his hand.

"Mr. Tom!" cried Mills, "is it yourself?"

"No other!" cried Tom Reed, who had turned at the sound of the opening door, and held out his hand to Mills with a radiant countenance as he crossed the threshold. "Just walk in and sit down by the fire a minute, sir; I'll tell my missus and Miss Fanny."

"And how do you find yourself, Mrs. Mills?" said Tom cheerfully, but not quite loud enough, as he placed his plaid and bag on a chair.

"Just the same as ever," returned Mills, shaking her head. "As flighty and troublesome. Yet if a body ails a bit, that kind and good that—"

"But yourself, Mrs. Mills?" interrupted Tom in a more audible tone. "How goes it with yourself?"

"Bless your heart, sir! I am that stiff with rheumatics and that heart-broken, I'm sure it is a wonder that I am alive! Look there, sir!"—lifting a corner of the curtain hanging over the low side-window which commanded the shop, and pointing to the group still visible in the waning light. "*That* is enough to curl the blood in my veins! Oh, the ups and downs I have seen! Well, no matter! You'll have a chop to your tea, sir?"

"Oh, anything—anything! Do you think you could manage to call Miss Fanny?"

"I'll see, sir; but as I was saying—"  
Here the narrow door leading into the shop was pushed open gently, and Fanny entered. Catching sight of Tom, she stopped short, and exclaimed, but in a

suppressed tone, "Tom! is it possible? I am so glad to see you. What has brought you here? Some good news, I am sure."

"Are you really and truly glad to see me, you saucy, mischievous puss?" cried Tom, taking both her hands in his.

"I am sure you might have knocked me down with a feather when I opened the door and saw Mr. Tom!" ejaculated Mills.

"Do you know I am dying for tea or something?" said Tom very loud, his keen dark eyes flashing from Fanny to Mills with an impatient expression.

"Dear me! to be sure you are," replied the latter, hurrying away. "You shall have it in a jiffy."

"Now, my darling!" began Tom —

"Hush — hush!" exclaimed Fanny. "If you speak so loud that terrible Lady Styles will hear you; and I really believe she would walk in here *coûte que coûte* to find out who you are."

She hastily re-arranged the curtain Mills had displaced, and, turning, found herself in her cousin's arms.

"There, Tom — that's enough. Not one more! Only fancy if Lady Styles could peep in!" was Fanny's next exclamation.

"But she can't, dearest, sweetest Fan! Who the deuce is this Lady Styles?"

"The most tremendous gossip. — Oh, you must have heard us speak of her."

"Very likely," returned Tom, placing himself on the sofa, and beckoning to Fanny to sit beside him. "And now tell me, how are you? And how goes on the business? I must say you look thriving!"

"Well, we really are. The winter has been much better than we ventured to hope. And oh! it is quite wonderful the way Kate manages. Why, there is nothing on earth our customers don't ask for — and I do believe if any one was to inquire for — for — oh, a lord chancellor's wig! I believe Kate would say, with her air of grave attention, 'We do not generally keep them in stock — but I have no doubt I could procure one for you!'"

Here Mrs. Mills entered with a tea-tray and proceeded to lay the cloth. "And now," continued Fanny, "do tell me what has brought you down here!"

"Ah! that's a secret till I tell Kate!"

"Nonsense, she has no secrets from me! Mills, that cloth is crooked!" jumping up to put it straight. "I wonder if Lady Styles ever intends to go," peeping under the curtain. "No! there she is,

talking away still. Mills, have you no shrimps? — a Pierstoffe tea without shrimps is quite a contradiction."

"Yes, sure," returned Mills, testily; "but I haven't two pair of arms, have I? I cannot fetch everything at once, can I?"

"No! no! of course not! just go like a dear and do Mr. Tom's chop, and I will finish laying the cloth."

Mills had turned to the door when a sudden and violent ringing startled them all.

"That bell," said Mills, solemnly, "is gone mad."

"A runaway ring, probably," remarked Tom.

"There's never no such thing here," returned Mills as she left the room.

"Tom, dear! would you not like a glass of ale with your chop? It is really good — you liked it before."

"This is downright delicious," cried Tom, rising and rubbing his hands with an air of intense enjoyment.

"What is?"

"Why, the little attentions! the delightful home-like charm of —"

"Ah! Tom," interrupted Fanny, "don't fancy you are writing a domestic tale for *Household Words*."

"You insulting!" — but Mills's voice in the hall made both pause and listen.

"I don't hear a word you say! You'd better step in and speak to Miss Fanny." She opened the door as she spoke and ushered in Dr. Slade.

Doctor Slade in top-boots, much splashed, in a green hunting-coat, and a hunting-whip in hand.

"Where is Mrs. Temple?" cried that gentleman in a hasty and imperious tone. "I must see her immediately — there has been a bad accident in the hunting-field, and I have ordered the sufferer to be brought here."

"An accident! Oh, what shall we do?" cried Fanny.

"Fetch Mrs. Temple," repeated the doctor, slapping his boot impatiently.

"Kate, dear, *could* you come for a moment?" said Fanny, going very softly and timidly through the shop-door; something in her face make Mrs. Temple come directly, after a hasty word of apology to Lady Styles.

"Dr. Slade! Tom!" she exclaimed — and then shut her lips in extreme annoyance that in her surprise the last name had escaped them.

"Bad business in the field to-day," cried the doctor. "Accident just outside the town — man thrown — scarcely know what

injuries yet—but I always try to do you a good turn, so I have ordered him to be brought here—your rooms are vacant, eh?” then shouting in Mills’s ear, “Get a bedroom ready immediately, sheets, blankets, baths, hot water! Eh, what do you say?”

“That I would really rather not have your patient,” returned Mrs. Temple, “if you could take him elsewhere.”

“Now don’t be perverse! this house is more than half a mile nearer than the hotel, and it is of the last importance that the unfortunate man should be attended to at once—besides extreme quiet will be essential, and he will get that here—and I cannot unsay my directions; they are carrying him here on a door, and may arrive any moment.”

“It will not be very pleasant for Mrs. Temple if he dies,” said Tom, gravely; “pray who is the sufferer?”

“I really can’t tell—but evidently a man of position—anyhow, Mrs. Temple, you must not reject him; I will be answerable for everything—come—I must follow that capital old woman of yours upstairs and see things put in order.”

“Tom,” cried Mrs. Temple, as the doctor bustled away, “this sudden appearance of yours half frightens me, yet how glad I am to see you! You have news of some kind, but I must not stop to hear it now. I shall come back as soon as possible. Come, Fanny, we may be of some use upstairs; it is useless to resist Dr. Slade.”

But Fanny had already vanished; and Tom, being alone, proceeded to stir the fire, with due regard to a comfortable-looking brown teapot standing before it, and then took up a position on the hearthrug meditatively. His reflections, however, were soon agreeably interrupted by the re-appearance of Fanny with a tray in her hands, on which were a dish with a bright tin cover, and a pretty jug with some creamy-looking froth peeping over its edges.

“There,” said Fanny, arranging these articles on the table; “because a man is half killed you need not be famished. I do hope the chops are nice” (lifting the cover). “And there is some beer, and tea, and shrimps and things; and oh! a brown loaf. Do try and eat.”

“Why, Fanny, it is a feast! The chops are a picture! If there is one quality more angelic than another in a woman, it is that tender regard for man’s minor wants—that thoughtful prevision which supplies the required provision just in the nick of time. There is a wonderful charm

in having a pretty woman fitting about you at meals, pouring out the beer, handing you the bread, adding fire to the pepper, and piquancy to the sauce, query, would she——”

“Ah, that’s all very nice, but I must not stop to listen,” interrupted Fanny, with a smile and a nod. “Do make yourself comfortable,” and she was gone.

Up-stairs she found Mills and her mistress busy unfolding blankets, and hastily setting forth house-linen, while Doctor Slade stood writing some hasty lines on a scrap of paper upon the mantelpiece, which the “gurl,” in bonnet and shawl, stood at the door ready to receive and convey to the surgery.

The doctor’s short, sharp, and decisive directions were rapidly carried out; for having, partly from surprise, partly from compassion, permitted the doctor’s arrangement to stand, Kate went heartily into the preparations for her expected guest, while Fanny sped up and down stairs with right good-will to save poor Mills some fatigue.

Soon the trampling of men and horses’ feet outside made Kate’s heart beat with nervous anticipation.

“Stay here,” said Doctor Slade to Mrs. Mills; “I will go down to direct.”

Mrs. Temple stole softly to the head of the stairs, where Mills had placed a lamp, with a sort of shrinking curiosity, reflecting that the drawing-room offered a retreat close behind her. The open door below admitted a current of cold air, and it seemed as if a multitude of people, all hushed, yet eager, from the sort of suppressed murmur that arose, had thronged into the hall below; then Dr. Slade’s voice ordered, “Keep him as level as you can; mind the turn; steady; straight on; first door on the right.”

As the slow, heavy steps of the bearers advanced, Kate retreated; and at length, from the half-open door of the “best sitting-room,” saw several men supporting a long, helpless form, in a red coat all covered with clay on the side next her—a ghastly, pale face, bruised and bloody, and a look of death upon the whole figure as it was borne past. A feeling of awe and compassion crept over her.

“Kate, dear Kate! are you there?” said Fanny in a frightened whisper out of a dark corner where she had hidden herself. “Have they quite gone?”

“Yes, quite. I am rather faint, Fan.”

“No wonder! Why did you look? You ought to have gone into a corner and shut your eyes, like me! Now I will just



go and see if I can bring Mills anything. Oh! here is Mills. Well, what are they doing, Mills?"

"Just putting of him to bed, miss. Eh! but he is a tall gentleman, and knocked about terrible! His own man is there, and seems very wise-like. I am going for hot water."

"I will fetch it, Mills," cried Fanny, running down-stairs.

"Oh, Mills, do you think he will die?" asked Kate.

"God knows, ma'am: he looks like death."

In the meantime Tom had begun to discuss his chop with a grateful and satisfied heart — not to mention an excellent appetite — when his repast was interrupted.

The narrow door before mentioned, leading into the shop, slowly opened, and a stout richly-dressed lady, with nodding plumes, squeezed through. Tom, reluctant, rose.

"I beg your pardon; but could I speak to Mrs. Temple for a moment — just one moment?"

"Mrs. Temple has been called away to attend to a gentleman who has broken his back, or his leg, or both, out hunting," replied Tom.

"Dear, dear, how very dreadful! As I know most of the gentlemen about here, I think I shall just stay and ascertain who it is. Pray do not let me disturb you. I beg you will go on with your tea or dinner."

"Well, if you permit me, I will, for I have had a long journey, Mrs. — a —"

"Styles — Lady Styles," supplied her ladyship graciously, while she revolved the problem of Tom's presence in her mind with the keenest zest. "Very nice, respectable-looking young man," she thought. "What on earth brings him here? *Much* too young to be safe. — Quite right," she said aloud; "a long journey is a hungry concern. Come from town, eh?"

"From town," echoed Tom.

"Hum! the man she buys her wools and things from," meditated Lady Styles. "What's this they call them? — bagmen."

"Might I offer you some refreshment?" said Tom, with a graceful wave of the hand towards the jug. "The beer I can answer for, and there's some tea that has been brewing the last half-hour."

"He means to be monstrous civil," thought her ladyship, smiling upon her companion. "He is really a very good-looking young man. I will sit down with him. People are always confiding and communicative when they are eating. Well, really," she said, as Tom lifted the

teapot from the hob to the table, "I do not think I can resist; tea is tempting, and this is the hour I generally have my afternoon cup." So saying, she sat down, drew off her gloves, and threw back her bonnet-strings, while Tom returned to his chop. "I do not presume," he said, "to pour out; that is a lady's privilege."

"Oh! I can help myself, thank you. And do you often come down here, Mr. — a —"

"Not quite often enough!"

"Ha! in love with one or other of them," said Lady Styles to herself. "I suppose there are fashions in everything," she continued aloud.

"Just so," returned Tom, who divined her conjectures. "Bread, Lady Styles? and if you are of an industrious turn, let me recommend the shrimps: for securing the largest amount of occupation and the smallest possible return of enjoyment there is nothing like shrimps."

"Thank you! I am rather fond of shrimps," adding to herself, "quite a chatty, pleasant young man! so," she resumed aloud, "you do not require to come round often? I presume there is not the same amount of change in your business as in other branches, drapery and millinery for instance?"

"I don't know that," replied Tom, gravely. "There is a good deal of 'dressing up' in my line."

"Indeed! Costumes, as well as this style of thing, eh?" nodding towards the shop.

"The British public, so the critics say, have ceased to care for a plain, unvarnished tale."

"Oh, I see!" she cried, "periodicals and newspapers."

"Precisely," said Tom.

"I suppose you have only known Mrs. Temple since she began business?" resumed Lady Styles.

"Since she began business," echoed Tom.

"She is such a nice ladylike creature, I have always thought it extraordinary to see her behind a counter — very extraordinary!"

"Quite extraordinary!" ejaculated Tom.

"I suppose," said Lady Styles, pausing as she picked a shrimp, "I suppose there is the usual story of speculation and failure, and all that; but do you know that the gossips here (it is a monstrously gossiping place!) say that her husband is still alive, but undergoing penal servitude for forgery, and all sorts of crimes?"

"I assure you the late Mr. T. is as defunct as the shrimp which now occupies your ladyship's fingers!"

"Ah! then you knew her during her late husband's lifetime?" cried Lady Styles, sharply.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Tom, "what a cross-examining counsel you would have made! There was legal acumen in the way you pounced upon that inference."

"Life, my dear sir," returned Lady Styles, much flattered, "and experience, are first-rate wit-sharpeners."

"Undoubtedly," said Tom, filling his tumbler, "when, as in your ladyship's case, there are wits to sharpen."

"And what was this husband? No great things, I fancy, or he would have left more money behind him," pursued her ladyship.

"Oh, he was in business too."

"What sort of business?"

"Why, he imported 'sugar and spice and all that's nice'!"

"I see — a grocer! Well, I am disappointed! I thought from her air and style, there must be a romantic story attached to her. So the late Temple was a grocer!" pouring herself out another cup of tea.

"Don't you think they are a long time putting that man to bed?" said Tom, who was growing a little weary of her ladyship's company.

"What an odd way of expressing it! but these bagmen are great characters, I believe," thought Lady Styles. "Well, I daresay he requires a great deal of care and attention, and perhaps —"

Mrs. Temple, entering, cut short the sentence. "Tom!" she cried, and then, seeing Lady Styles, stopped short. Lady S. made a mental note of the exclamation.

"You are surprised to see me, my dear Mrs. Temple, but I just waited to ascertain who is the hero of the accident. But, I assure you, your friend here has done the honours remarkably well — better tea, bread and butter, and shrimps I have never eaten!"

"You are very good to say so. I believe the gentleman, Dr. Slade's patient, is one of the party who occupy Hurst Lodge this season," added Kate, anxious to satisfy and get rid of her customer.

"You don't say so! Why, I am told they are a sad racketty set. I would get rid of him as soon as I could, or you will have the whole lot in and out, smoking, and heaven knows what!"

"I rather think not," said Kate, quietly.

"It is certainly a long rough way to take him," continued Lady Styles, not heeding her, "and much more convenient to Dr. Slade to have him close by, than all that distance; but here *is* Dr. Slade. Well, doctor, how is the poor man? and who is he?"

The doctor entered with a pompous air, followed by Fanny, who stole behind Kate.

"Well, replied the doctor, "he is still insensible, and not likely to recover consciousness for a few hours. His arm is broken, and I suspect concussion of the brain; but our good friend Mrs. Temple need not mind charging for trouble — he is a man of position and property — he is Sir Hugh Galbraith!"

#### CHAPTER XVII.

SIR HUGH GALBRAITH was the last of a long line of careless, improvident country gentlemen. His own father put the finishing stroke to the family fortunes, as a highly cultivated taste for racing, gambling, yachting, and all the linked charms that thereabouts do hang rapidly dispersed what remained to him.

As soon as Hugh had reached a legal age, after a boyhood of most heterogeneous and intermittent training, he gloomily yet willingly agreed to join his father in breaking the entail. Gloomily, because his was exactly the nature to cling closely to the family estate, and to part with the acres which had so long supported the Galbraiths of Kirby-Grange was a bitter cross. Willingly, because the disgrace of unpaid debts was intolerable to his proud spirit.

So the late baronet, freed from his most pressing difficulties, took himself and his three daughters to the Continent, where they passed, on the whole, a very bearable existence. Two of Sir Hugh's sisters picked up good matches — the prettiest, and the one he liked best, ran away with a German artist and died, at which her brother sternly rejoiced, as he considered such a marriage almost as disgraceful as if she had run away without any.

As a boy, Hugh Galbraith had been left much alone at the old country-seat. His mother died while he was still a sturdy, passionate, bony urchin in frocks — the terror of his nurses — the torment of his sisters. His father was generally away, his sisters at school, and his only education what small doses of learning the curate could induce him to imbibe. In other branches of a gentleman's acquirements he rapidly progressed. There

was no horse in the stables or out of them he could not "back." He was a good shot, and a bold sailor, for the Grange was close to a wild craggy coast, where many a fisher's family had to mourn the loss of the bread-winner and his boat in the stormy winter-time. To the fishermen the young master was always welcome, and to them he could talk, not copiously, for his words were always few, but with a freedom that would have astonished his father and his polite, worldly elder sisters. These ornamental members of his family designated him "a sulky bear" — "a hopeless barbarian" — and not unjustly.

When he was about twelve, the curate left, and his father sent him to a second-rate school for "young gentlemen," where he was at first spoiled and petted as the sole representative of the master's aristocratic connection; and then, when payments grew more and more irregular, and the dominie became enlightened as to the true state of affairs, the heir of Galbraith was considerably snubbed — a process of annealing not at all conducive to a healthy frame of mind.

It was about this time that Mr. Travers, who was first cousin to Sir Hugh's father, fell in with the lad. Being himself of a taciturn disposition, and having had a boyhood of hard knocks and puddings without plums, he took a fancy to the young kinsman, whom no one else found attractive, put him to a good military school, bought him a commission in the line, and made him a small allowance.

When Sir Frederick Galbraith died, and matters were arranged, a paltry pittance was all that remained of the revenues once forthcoming from his estates. Every acre, save a few that surrounded the old mansion, was sold; and these, with the house, were let to a prosperous farmer, who wanted a little more land and a little better abode.

Small as was his inheritance, Sir Hugh declared it sufficient, renounced Mr. Travers's allowance, and exchanged into a dragoon regiment, with the prospect of going to India.

His relations with Mr. Travers continued to be most friendly. He was looked upon as, and considered himself to be, Mr. Travers's heir. In this light he shone in his married sister's drawing-rooms, when he condescended to go there, which was not often. To Mr. Travers he was heartily grateful, especially because he had not forced him to adopt trade, for which, said Mr. Travers, "I don't think

you've brains enough." More, he liked and respected his benefactor better than any one else in the world — except, perhaps, his chum, his schoolfellow, his comrade, Willie Upton; and for him probably liking considerably outweighed respect. Nevertheless, it seemed quite right and natural that Mr. Travers should have toiled all his life to amass a fortune for him (Hugh Galbraith) to buy back his estates with and live on them as became a gentleman of high degree. When, therefore, the elder cousin announced his marriage — briefly, and with an unconquerable degree of shamefacedness which communicated itself to the inanimate pen — Hugh Galbraith was furious. It seemed to him a scandalous breach of faith — a base withdrawal from an unspoken contract, which should have been all the more binding on a gentleman because it had been unexpressed! And for whom was he thus defrauded? Some rosy-cheeked plebeian! some showy girl, that, in his own mind, he ranked with the barmaids and chambermaids who would not disdain addresses from the serjeants of his own troop! If she had been a gentlewoman, ever so poor, the injury to himself would have been the same, but he would not have felt quite the same loathing and contempt that added fuel to the fire with which he read Mr. Travers's communication.

"The daughter of the lady with whom I have stayed for some years in the fishing-season," he repeated scornfully to his friend Upton. "The woman who let him his lodgings, he means! How any man at any age can make such a — ass of himself is beyond my comprehension; but a fellow like Travers!"

"Perhaps she was very pretty and taking," returned his confidant, who had an amiable weakness for the sex.

But Sir Hugh was not to be pacified, as we have seen, and not only spake unadvisedly with his lips, but, what was much worse, wrote unadvisedly with his pen.

It was a cruel blow. Hugh Galbraith had never been disposed to indulge in bright dreams of the future, although he had more imagination than any one gave him credit for. The bitterness of poverty in high places had eaten into his heart and closed it rigidly against the greater number of his fellow-creatures. He was strong to endure and slow to speak — generally considered a cold, hard man, but too just, too real, not to have a certain amount of popularity with his brother officers. He was just to his equals, and would fain have been gener-

ous to his inferiors, as you would throw bones to a dog; not all the severity of his training could expel the mighty self-will of the man. He would be kind to whoever obeyed and served him, but he burned to crush whoever crossed him. He was also capable of a good deal of self-control up to a certain point, and then "chaos came again."

For women he had profound contempt, though it would have surprised him to be told so. They rather bored him, yet he would, if required, put himself to inconvenience for a woman, or expose himself to danger, and would think the man who could treat one badly a brute or a poltroon. A wife and legitimate children were unavoidable duties to be incurred for the sake of one's position, and to be held in all honour; but as for finding companionship with women, or friendship, or a profitable exchange of ideas, such notions were never rejected by Galbraith simply because they never suggested themselves. He had a dim consciousness that devotion and observance from a well-born, well-bred, very quiet woman would be pleasant, and a sort of thing he had a right to expect by-and-by, when he was older; but he was a little hard to please, for though he saw plenty of well-bred women, and handsome ones too, there was almost always a touch of affectation or unreality about them which his own uncompromising nature detected and despised.

All this applied to women of his own rank. Those of a humbler class were much more endurable than the men, and by no means to be badly treated. But then the treatment was measured by a totally different standard, and wounds inflicted on a lady for which blood only could atone, might for a woman of low degree be salved by golden ointment.

This is a tolerably correct sketch of Hugh Galbraith's ideas on matters and things in general, though it would have taken him a long time to extricate them with equal clearness from the tangle of contradictions, prejudices, and habits, the growth of years, round the primeval trunks of natural or instilled opinion.

The interview with his landlady had startled and astonished him. He could not get her out of his head, nor did he try; he had been supremely bored before she appeared, and it was rather amusing to have a totally fresh subject to think about. He could still see her distinctly as she stood, when he looked up at her voice, the graceful, rounded outlines of her figure showing through a severely simple

black dress, without trimming of any description, and buttoned from throat to instep. No relief except a white muslin frill at neck and wrist; her clear, pale, oval face, with its rich, red, curved lips, delicate yet full; the low, broad, white brow, and chestnut-brown hair, braided carelessly, loosely back into a thick coil. Then her eyes! they haunted him; he could not tell if they were the deepest blue or darkest brown, but the expression he would never forget; the resolute, unflinching, repellant gaze that met his own, nor the change created by the shadow of a smile that once flitted across their grave depths.

Her quiet manner of acceding to his request, had in it something remarkable also. Not a shade of hesitation or embarrassment, no assumption of equality, no confession of inferiority, and yet no amount of dignity, of *hauteur*, of grace, could have produced so deep a conviction that she was emphatically a gentlewoman.

Her composed performance of the task he had given her enabled him to note well the haughty carriage of her head, the long, dark lashes that swept her cheek, the white, slender hand that held the pen so firmly and guided it so deftly, and the result of his reflections was summed up by a half-uttered observation, "She is a gentlewoman, whatever has driven her behind the counter, that's clear enough! But why, in heaven's name, did she look at me as if I was the most hateful object in existence? Do I give too much trouble? Don't I pay rent enough? What is it? What a handsome creature! By Jove, Upton and Harcourt, and fellows like them, who are generally maundering about some woman or other, would say I had fallen on my legs, but," smiling grimly to himself, "that is not my line;" and so thinking Sir Hugh, somewhat wearied with the slight excitement of the interview, fell asleep. It was true that he professed not to care for beauty, and said truly enough he never thought about it, but its absence vexed him unconsciously. Ugliness and want of grace were terrible sins in a woman,—I ought to have written, gentlewoman. With the vagaries of men in love he had neither patience nor sympathy, considering them—

Still beguiled

By passions worthy of a fool or child.

He might have had his own indiscretions in early youth, but these do not concern the present story.

"Fanny," said Mrs. Temple, the morning after the interview just described; "did you write to Tom yesterday?"

"No; I wrote the day before. It is your turn."

"Well, when you do write, pray do not mention that I acted secretary to Sir Hugh Galbraith."

"No! Why?" asked Fanny with undisguised wonder.

"Oh! because it is not worth while; because I would prefer telling him about it, it would be more fun."

"Very well! only I counted on a description of that event to fill up my letter. Now, Kate, I suspect you think he would scold you for going to him!"

"Nonsense," returned Mrs. Temple, a shade haughtily. "Tom knows I am capable of managing my own affairs."

"Very well," repeated Fanny meekly; and the next instant exclaimed, "Here is that Mr. Turner!"

It was Turner junior; who said, as the shop was empty, he ventured to call with a message from his mother, requesting the pleasure of Mrs. Temple and Miss Lee's company on the following evening to supper. He added, with a sigh, that they were quite strangers, as it seemed impossible to get a peep at them.

"I certainly do stick close to business," replied Mrs. Temple pleasantly. "And I have never gone out anywhere, except to Mrs. Owens when her children were so ill, since I lost my husband; but that is no reason why I should shut up my young friend. I daresay she will be happy to accept Mrs. Turner's kind invitation."

Fanny, to use her own expression, made "big eyes" at her "worthy principal" during this speech, unseen by young Turner; but being always ready for a change, and by no means averse to amuse herself with the young man's ill-concealed admiration, she graciously accepted.

"And pray do not trouble to send for Miss Lee," added Mr. Joseph eagerly. "I daresay there is enough to do with an invalid in the house. I shall be happy to see her home."

"Nevertheless, I shall certainly send for Miss Lee," said Mrs. Temple gravely.

"I suppose you have had a troublesome time of it," continued their visitor lingering; for of course Sir Hugh Galbraith's accident, Dr. Slade's fortunate presence in the field, the conveyance of the injured man to the Berlin Bazaar, all this, with many variations and additions, had been buzzed about the little town with amazing

rapidity; such an event in the dead season was quite a godsend.

"No, indeed," returned Mrs. Temple. "He scarcely gives any trouble. His own servant waits upon him, and both are very quiet."

"I am told he is a regular tip-topper," remarked Mr. Joseph; "and that the queen telegraphed to inquire for him."

"Perhaps so; but the telegram did not come here," said Mrs. Temple gravely, while Fanny burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. "I am afraid the queen is not aware of Sir Hugh Galbraith's existence," she cried. "He is not quite such a personage."

"But Dr. Slade told father he was a V.C.," exclaimed Turner.

"'V.C.,' what is that?" asked Fanny, who did not take much interest in public matters.

"Victoria Cross," explained Mrs. Temple; adding, "I suppose Dr. Slade is well informed, but I was not aware of it."

"Couldn't you find out? couldn't you ask him? perhaps he wears it on his coat," peradventured Mr. Turner, junior, with true provincial curiosity.

"Why!" exclaimed Fanny indignantly, "you don't suppose Mrs. Temple ever sees Sir Hugh! You don't think she waits upon him every morning with a curtsy and a 'What will you please to have for dinner, sir?'"

"I am sure I do not know," he returned, bewildered.

"Do not mind her, Mr. Turner," said Mrs. Temple, laughing good-humouredly. "She is always full of some nonsense. I fortunately have an excellent old friend, who manages my housekeeping, or I could not let lodgings and keep a shop at the same time."

"Just so," he returned; adding, to the indignation of Fanny, with an admiring glance, "But, I say, what a jolly girl you are!"

"I had a great mind," said Fanny, when he had stepped away triumphantly, "to refuse their horrid supper on the spot; only I was afraid of you! Now I am like the Romans in Mrs. Markham, between the barbarians and the sea. You would be vexed if I don't go, and Tom will be cross if I do!"

"I will bear you harmless with Tom. We must not be too distant with our neighbours; Tom will understand that. But, Fan, how is it you can condescend to accept Mr. Joseph's unspoken admiration, and yet be so indignant if he ventures to express it?"



"The humble adoration of the meanest votary may be offered at the loftiest shrine, but the smallest attempt at familiarity must be crushed," replied Fanny grandly. "Kate! you have not told me half enough about Sir Hugh!"

"There is really nothing to tell. He is a tall, thin, plain, tolerably well-bred, and, I should say, common-place man. You are a perfect nuisance with your questions! I think I shall fine you half a crown whenever you mention his name again."

"I am sure, Kate," resumed Fanny, with an air of the most profound wisdom after a few minutes' silence, "I hope our interesting lodger will not tell Dr. Slade that you wrote that letter for him. It will fly like wildfire through the town, and there will be no end of scandal."

The young widow coloured even to her brow. "I am proof against scandal," she exclaimed, with a scornful flash of her bright eyes; "I don't care!" Then, stopping short, "What nonsense one talks when angry! I must care — but," laughing, "it would be rather too bad to be 'talked of' with one's enemy."

A covey of Miss Monitor's young ladies entering prevented further conversation, and the counter was quickly strewn with all the colours of the rainbow in Berlin wool.

That evening as the two friends sat, the one making a dress, the other reading aloud to her, in the comfortable home-like 'shop-parlour' which was their winter sitting-room, a knock at the door announced Dr. Slade, who generally looked in after visiting his patient. "Come in," cried Fanny.

"Well, ladies," said he, entering, his shirt-frill in perfect condition, his eyes glittering, his large white teeth displayed by a gracious smile, as he glanced approvingly round the neat room, "you might sit for a picture of Industry rewarded by Comfort."

"Sit down, doctor," said Mrs. Temple, placing a chair for him. "How is your patient this evening?"

"Not quite so well; and d——d sulky and silent, in consequence I suppose. However, he made one query that afforded me satisfaction on your account, Mrs. Temple," taking out his snuff-box and tapping it, while he assumed a tone of patronage. "Sir Hugh Galbraith interrupted me rather abruptly in what I was saying just now by exclaiming, 'I find that old woman who answers my bell sometimes is not the landlady?' So I explained that the real proprietress was

engaged in the wool-trade, ha! ha! ha! therefore that he could not expect to see her. He nodded his head and puffed away for a while, and then burst out with, 'What do I pay for these rooms, doctor?' so I explained that the subject of rent had really not been mentioned; that he had been carried into the nearest place of refuge, and no one had thought of the question of payment. Then he said it was time to mention it, and that he was willing to pay whatever I thought, or whatever you thought was right. So I said the last inmate paid two pounds a week; but I thought, that, considering he necessarily caused some extra trouble — he interrupted in his impatient, overbearing way, 'Of course, of course! Will three pounds a week do?' I said I thought it would suffice; but said I would mention the matter to you. I assure you I am very pleased to have secured you so eligible a — eh! what amuses you, Miss Lee?"

This interjection was uttered in consequence of a sudden outburst of laughter from Fanny, all the more noisy from her efforts to suppress it.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed Mrs. Temple, smiling from sympathy.

"Oh, nothing! do forgive me!" exclaimed Fanny, struggling to compose herself. "I ran the needle into my finger, and it startled me. I am rather hysterical, you know."

"Hysterical! stuff!" growled the doctor. "You are the picture of health; but what do you say, Mrs. Temple?"

"That your patient is disposed to pay munificently; and it would be a pity to check his liberality, for I suppose he will not be with us long."

"A few weeks longer, if he is wise. He asked me this evening when I thought he might travel, and seemed disgusted that I could not undertake to say when. After such a shock as he has had, quiet is essential. It is curious he has had no other visitors except that starched high-mightiness of a cousin."

Mrs. Temple was not disposed to pursue the subject, so the talk flowed towards other topics, and the doctor mentioned having been called over to Weston to see the housekeeper, and that Lady Styles was still absent, and would be for some time longer, as Sir Marmaduke Styles had been attacked by rheumatism, and heaven knows what all, in Yorkshire. "I am sorry for him," added the doctor, "but if her ladyship had been at home all Piers-toffe could not have prevented her from

forcing her way into Sir Hugh Galbraith's room, though if any one could have turned her out again it would have been the sufferer himself."

After a little more conversation, principally carried on by the doctor and Fanny, he bade the friends good evening, rather to their relief.

"What made you laugh in that extraordinary way, Fanny?" asked Mrs. Temple, when they were alone.

"Oh! dear Kate, I could not help it! when I heard that ridiculous old doctor talking so big about the tenant he had secured for you, and the splendid offer of three pounds a week out of your own money—for it is, or ought to be, your own money."

Mrs. Temple laughed for a moment. "The position is altogether very droll," she said, "and very uncomfortable; but as to the money, I am not so sure. I should think at the worst of *his* times Sir Hugh could pay three pounds a week on a pinch."

"Then he was quite rich for an old bachelor, and need not have quarrelled and worried about poor Mr. Travers's money," exclaimed Fanny, indignantly. "But it is evident he never mentioned your having written a letter for him; and, *à propos*, I will just write to Tom before I go to bed, and only say that our interesting invalid is going on as well as can be expected."

The afternoon of the next day was a busy one, and in the midst of it Mrs. Temple received a telegraphic summons from Mills through the little window.

"Well, what is it, Mills?"

"He says he would be greatly obliged, ma'am, if you could spare a few minutes to write a letter for him."

"You mean Sir Hugh? Indeed I cannot! Say I am exceedingly occupied, and if he can put off his letter till the evening, I am sure Dr. Slade would write for him."

So Mills departed and did not return.

"It would never do to come when he calls," thought the young widow, as she diligently sought through a pile of *London Journals* for a back number to suit a schoolboy customer; "nor am I going to be his amanuensis always."

It was an amusing task to attire Fanny and despatch her to her tea and supper engagement. The mixture of readiness and reluctance with which she prepared herself was most characteristic, as was the undisguised pleasure with which she surveyed her dress and herself in the largest looking-glass their very moderate

furnishing could boast, and her openly expressed regret that so much trouble and success should be so thrown away.

"If Tom was to be there, or even some of those pleasant, merry hussars I used to meet at Mrs. Danby's! Heigho! Kate, dear, I really would like to run in and show myself to Sir Hugh!"

"Fanny, Fanny! that looks like going over to the enemy."

"Nothing of the kind, dear; I am ready for war to the knife! even though I am not fit to be anything more than the knife-grinder."

"The knife-grinder, in such a warfare as ours will be (if it ever begins), is a very important personage," returned Mrs. Temple. "I suppose the lawyers will be the knife-grinders."

"Ah! there will be no more peace once that begins," said Fanny. Mrs. Temple made no reply, seeming lost in thought, and Fanny went on: "Do, like a dear! write a line to Tom this evening and explain everything, and ask him to write to me. After all, though he thinks rather much of himself, he is the dearest, best fellow in the world! Good-bye! Be sure you send for me at nine, or half past."

From The Fortnightly Review.

#### THE PLACE OF GEOGRAPHY IN PHYSICAL SCIENCE.\*

THE study of geography has hitherto been commonly viewed rather in the light of the interest that attaches to the exploration of unknown countries or of its practical value, than in that of its relation to the general body of physical science.

The more obvious facts that are the subjects of geographical observation are such as to strike the least instructed, and the first steps in this branch of knowledge were taken by those who had little appreciation of the true signification of what they saw, and were quite incapable of doing more than collect, and that very imperfectly, materials which their successors are bringing into the shape of a science.

The present generation is already beginning to lose the remembrance of the thrilling interest that was created by the accounts of the geographical discoveries of the past century, and those standard volumes of travels which were the delight of the boyhood of their elders now lie for-

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gotten or neglected. A new phase has been entered on. Attention of late years has been more specially drawn to the importance of geographical knowledge in the ordinary affairs of men, or in some of the special branches of those affairs, and to the means of extending such knowledge; as well as to the practical influence produced by the geographical features and conditions of the various parts of the earth on the past history and present state of the several sections of the human race, the formation of kingdoms, the growth of industry and commerce, and the spread of civilization. In a neighbouring country the results of a disastrous war are well known to have given an altogether surprising impetus to geographical teaching.

But while the study of geography has become the special concern of men of adventure, of historians, politicians, traders, and soldiers, it still remains for it to receive from men of science that treatment which its true importance deserves. I have endeavoured in the following address to direct attention to this aspect of geography, which has hitherto, without doubt, been too much neglected.

Geography, as a branch of physical science, treats of the causes which have impressed on our planet the existing outlines and forms of its surface, have brought about its present conditions of climate, and have led to the development and distribution of the living beings found upon it.

The justification for putting forward this view of geography at this moment, is found in a consideration of the present state of geographical knowledge, and of the probable future of geographical investigation. It is plain that the field for mere topographical exploration is already greatly limited, and that it is continually becoming more restricted. Although no doubt much remains to be done in obtaining detailed maps of large tracts of the earth's surface, yet there is but comparatively a very small area with the essential features of which we are not now fairly well acquainted. Day by day our maps become more complete, and with our greatly improved means of communication the knowledge of distant countries is constantly enlarged and more widely diffused. Somewhat in the same proportion the demands for more exact information become more pressing. The necessary consequence is an increased tendency to give to geographical investigations a more strictly

scientific direction. In proof of this I may instance the fact that the two British naval expeditions now being carried on, that of the "Challenger" and that to the Arctic seas, have been organized almost entirely for general scientific research, and comparatively little for topographical discovery. Narratives of travels, which not many years ago might have been accepted as valuable contributions to our then less perfect knowledge, would now perhaps be regarded as superficial and insufficient. In short the standard of knowledge of travellers and writers on geography must be raised to meet the increased requirements of the time.

Other influences are at work tending to the same result. The great advance made in all branches of natural science limits more and more closely the facilities for original research, and draws the observer of nature into more and more special studies, while it renders the acquisition by any individual of the highest standard of knowledge in more than one or two special subjects comparatively difficult and rare. At the same time the mutual interdependence of all natural phenomena daily becomes more apparent; and it is of ever-increasing importance that there shall be some among the cultivators of natural knowledge who specially direct their attention to the general relations existing among all the forces and phenomena of nature. It is very necessary to bear in mind that a large portion of the phenomena dealt with by the sciences of observation relates to the earth viewed as a whole, in contradistinction to the substances of which it is formed; hence, in some important branches of such subjects, it is only through study of the local physical conditions of various parts of the earth's surface and the complicated phenomena to which they give rise, that sound conclusions can be established; this study constitutes physical or scientific geography. On the one hand, while the proper prosecution of the study of geography requires a sound knowledge of the researches and conclusions of students in the special branches of physical science, on the other, success is not attainable in the special branches without suitable apprehension of geographical facts. For these reasons it appears to me that the general progress of science will involve the study of geography in a more scientific spirit, and with a clearer conception of its true function, which is that of obtaining accurate notions of the manner in which the forces of nature have brought about

the varied conditions characterizing the surface of the planet which we inhabit.

In its broadest sense science is organized knowledge, and its methods consist of the observation and classification of the phenomena of which we become conscious through our senses, and the investigation of the causes of which these are the effects. The first step in geography, as in all other sciences, is the observation and description of the phenomena with which it is concerned; the next is to classify and compare this empirical collection of facts, and to investigate their antecedent causes. It is in the first branch of the study that most progress has been made, and to it indeed the notion of geography is still popularly limited. The other branch is commonly spoken of as physical geography, but it is more correctly the science of geography.

The knowledge of geography has thus advanced from first rough ideas of relative distance between neighbouring places, to correct views of the earth's form, precise determinations of position, and accurate delineations of the surface. The first impressions of the differences observed between distant countries were in time corrected by the perception of similarities no less real. The characteristics of the great regions of polar cold and equatorial heat, of the sea and land, of the mountains and plains, were appreciated; and the local variations of season and climate, of wind and rain, were more or less fully ascertained. Later, the distribution of plants and animals, their occurrence in groups of peculiar structure in various regions, and the circumstances under which such groups vary from place to place gave rise to fresh conceptions. With these facts were also observed the peculiarities of the races of men, — their physical form, languages, customs, and history, — exhibiting on the one hand striking differences in different countries, but, on the other, often connected by a strong stamp of similarity over large areas.

By the gradual accumulation and classification of such knowledge the scientific conception of geographical unity and continuity was at length formed, and the conclusion established that while each different part of the earth's surface has its special characteristics all animate and inanimate nature constitutes one general system, and that the particular features of each region are due to the operation of universal laws acting under varying local conditions. It is upon such a conception that is now brought to bear the doctrine, very

generally accepted by the naturalists of our own country, that each successive phase of the earth's history, for an indefinite period of time, has been derived from that which preceded it, under the operation of the forces of nature as we now find them; and that, so far as observation justifies the adoption of any conclusions on such subjects, no change has ever taken place in those forces, or in the properties of matter. This doctrine is commonly spoken of as the doctrine of evolution, and it is to its application to geography that I wish to direct your attention.

I desire here to remark that in what I am about to say, I altogether leave on one side all questions relating to the origin of matter, and of the so-called forces of nature which give rise to the properties of matter. In the present state of knowledge such subjects are, I conceive, beyond the legitimate field of physical science, which is limited to discussions directly arising on facts within the reach of observation, or on reasonings based on such facts. It is a necessary condition of the progress of knowledge that the line between what properly is or is not within the reach of human intelligence is ill-defined, and that opinions will vary as to where it should be drawn; for it is the avowed and successful aim of science to keep this line constantly shifting by pushing it forward; many of the efforts made to do this are no doubt founded in error, but all are deserving of respect that are undertaken honestly.

The conception of evolution is essentially that of a passage to the state of things which observation shows us to exist now, from some preceding state of things. Applied to geography, that is to say to the present condition of the earth as a whole, it leads up to the conclusion that the existing outlines of sea and land have been caused by modifications of pre-existing oceans and continents, brought about by the operation of forces which are still in action, and which have acted from the most remote past of which we can conceive; that all the successive forms of the surface, — the depressions occupied by the waters, and the elevations constituting mountain-chains, — are due to these same forces; that these have been set up, first, by the secular loss of heat which accompanied the original cooling of the globe, and second, by the annual or daily gain and loss of heat received from the sun acting on the matter of which the earth and its atmosphere are composed; that all variations of climate are dependent on



differences in the condition of the surface; that the distribution of life on the earth, and the vast varieties of its forms, are consequences of contemporaneous or antecedent changes of the forms of the surface and climate; and thus that our planet as we now find it is the result of modifications gradually brought about in its successive stages, by the necessary action of the matter out of which it has been formed, under the influence of the matter which is external to it.

I shall state briefly the grounds on which these conclusions are based.

So far as concerns the inorganic fabric of the earth, that view of its past history which is based on the principle of the persistence of all the forces of nature, may be said to be now universally adopted. This teaches that the almost infinite variety of natural phenomena arises from new combinations of old forms of matter, under the action of new combinations of old forms of force. Its recognition has, however, been comparatively recent, and is in a great measure due to the teachings of that eminent geologist, the late Sir Charles Lyell, whom we have lost during the past year.

When we look back by the help of geological science to the more remote past, through the epochs immediately preceding our own, we find evidence of marine animals, — which lived, were reproduced, and died, — possessed of organs proving that they were under the influence of the heat and light of the sun; of seas whose waves rose before the winds, breaking down cliffs, and forming beaches of boulders and pebbles; of tides and currents spreading out banks of sand and mud on which are left the impress of the ripple of the water, of drops of rain, and of the track of animals; and all these appearances are precisely similar to those which we observe at the present day, as the results of forces which we see actually in operation. Every successive stage, as we recede in the past history of the earth, teaches the same lesson. The forces which are now at work, whether in degrading the surface by the action of seas, rivers, or frosts, and in transporting its fragments into the sea, or in reconstituting the land by raising beds laid out in the depth of the ocean, are traced by similar effects as having continued at work from the earliest times.

Thus pushing back our inquiries, we at last reach the point where the apparent cessation of terrestrial conditions such as now exist requires us to consider the relation in which our planet stands to other bodies in celestial space; and vast though

the gulf be that separates us from these, science has been able to bridge it. By means of spectroscopic analysis it has been established that the constituent elements of the sun and other heavenly bodies are substantially the same as those of the earth. The examination of the meteorites which have fallen on the earth from the interplanetary spaces, shows that they also contain nothing foreign to the constituents of the earth. The inference seems legitimate, corroborated as it is by the manifest connection between the sun and the planetary bodies circulating around it, that the whole solar system is formed of matter of the same descriptions, and subject to the same general physical laws. These conclusions further support the supposition that the earth and other planets have been formed by the aggregation of matter once diffused in space around the sun; that the first consequence of this aggregation was to develop intense heat in the consolidating masses; that the heat thus generated in the terrestrial sphere was subsequently lost by radiation; and that the surface cooled and became a solid crust, leaving a central nucleus of much higher temperature within. The earth's surface appears now to have reached a temperature which is virtually fixed, the gain of heat from the sun being, on the whole, just compensated by the loss by radiation into surrounding space.

Such a conception of the earliest stage of the earth's existence is commonly accepted, as in accordance with observed facts. It leads to the conclusion that the hollows on the surface of the globe occupied by the ocean, and the great areas of dry land, were original irregularities of form caused by unequal contraction; and that the mountains were corrugations, often accompanied by ruptures, caused by the strains developed in the external crust by the force of central attraction exerted during cooling, and were not due to forces directly acting upwards generated in the interior by gases or otherwise. It has recently been very ably argued by Mr. Mallet that the phenomena of volcanic heat are likewise consequences of extreme pressures in the external crust, set up in a similar manner, and are not derived from the central heated nucleus.

There may be some difficulty in conceiving how forces can have been thus developed sufficient to have produced the gigantic changes which have occurred in the distribution of land and water over immense areas, and in the elevation of the bottoms of former seas so that they now



form the summits of the highest mountains, and to have effected such changes within the very latest geological epoch. These difficulties in great measure arise from not employing correct standards of space and time in relation to the phenomena. Vast though the greatest heights of our mountains and depths of our seas may be, and enormous though the masses which have been put into motion, when viewed according to a human standard, they are insignificant in relation to the globe as a whole. Such heights and depths (about six miles), on a sphere of ten feet in diameter, would be represented on a true scale by elevations and depressions of less than the tenth part of an inch, and the average elevation of the whole of the dry land (about one thousand feet) above the mean level of the surface, would hardly amount to the thickness of an ordinary sheet of paper. The forces developed by the changes of the temperature of the earth as a whole must be proportionate to its dimensions; and the results of their action on the surface in causing elevations, contortions, or disruptions of the strata, cannot be commensurable with those produced by forces having the intensities, or by strains in bodies of the dimensions, with which our ordinary experience is conversant.

The difficulty in respect to the vast extent of past time is perhaps less great, the conception being one with which most persons are now more or less familiar. But I would remind you, that great though the changes in human affairs have been since the most remote epochs of which we have records in monuments or history, there is nothing to indicate that within this period has occurred any appreciable modification of the main outlines of land and sea, or of the conditions of climate, or of the general characters of living creatures; and that the distance that separates us from those days is as nothing when compared to the remoteness of past geological ages. No useful approach has yet been made to a numerical estimate of the duration even of that portion of geological time which is nearest to us; and we can say little more than that the earth's past history extends over many hundreds of thousands or millions of years.

The solid nucleus of the earth with its atmosphere, as we now find it, may thus be regarded as exhibiting the residual phenomena which have resulted on its attaining a condition of practical equilibrium, the more active process of aggregation having ceased, and the combination of its elements

into the various solid, liquid, or gaseous matters found on or near the surface having been completed. During its passage to its present state many wonderful changes must have taken place, including the condensation of the ocean, which must have long continued in ebullition, or in a state bordering on it, surrounded by an atmosphere densely charged with watery vapour. Apart from the movements in its solid crust caused by the general cooling and contraction of the earth, the higher temperature due to its earlier condition hardly enters directly into any of the considerations that arise in connection with its present climate, or with the changes during past time which are of most interest to us; for the conditions of climate and temperature at present, as well as in the period during which the existence of life is indicated by the presence of fossil remains, and which have affected the production and distribution of organized beings, are dependent on other causes, to a consideration of which I now proceed.

The natural phenomena relating to the atmosphere are often extremely complicated and difficult of explanation; and meteorology is the least advanced of the branches of physical science. But sufficient is known to indicate, without possible doubt, that the primary causes of the great series of phenomena, included under the general term climate, are the action and reaction of the mechanical and chemical forces set in operation by the sun's heat, varied from time to time and from place to place, by the influence of the position of the earth in its orbit, of its revolution on its axis, of geographical position, elevation above the sea-level, and condition of the surface, and by the great mobility of the atmosphere and the ocean.

The intimate connection between climate and local geographical conditions is everywhere apparent; nothing is more striking than the great differences between neighbouring places where the effective local conditions are not alike, which often far surpass the contrasts attending the widest separation possible on the globe. Three or four miles of vertical height produce effects almost equal to those of transfer from the equator to the poles. The distribution of the great seas and continents gives rise to periodical winds, — the trades or monsoons, — which maintain their general characteristics over wide areas, but present almost infinite local modifications whether of season, direction, or force. The direction of the coasts and their greater or less continuity greatly in-

fluence the flow of the currents of the ocean; and these, with the periodical winds, tend on the one hand to equalize the temperature of the whole surface of the earth, and on the other to cause surprising variations within a limited area. Ranges of mountains, and their position in relation to the periodical or rain-bearing winds, are of primary importance in controlling the movements of the lower strata of the atmosphere, in which, owing to the laws of elastic gases, the great mass of the air and watery vapour are concentrated. By their presence they may either constitute a barrier across which no rain can pass, or determine the fall of torrents of rain around them. Their absence or their unfavourable position, by removing the causes of condensation, may lead to the neighbouring tracts becoming rainless deserts.

The difficulties that arise in accounting for the phenomena of climate on the earth as it now is are naturally increased when the attempt is made to explain what is shown by geological evidence to have happened in past ages. Attempts have been made to get over these last difficulties by invoking supposed changes in the sources of terrestrial heat, or in the conditions under which heat has been received by the earth, for which there is no justification; violent departures from the observed course of nature have been assumed to account for some of the analogous mechanical difficulties.

Among the most perplexing of such climatal problems are those involved in the former extension of glacial action of various sorts over areas which could hardly have been subject to it under existing terrestrial and solar conditions; and in the discovery, conversely, of indications of far higher temperatures at certain places than seems compatible with their high latitudes; and in the alternations of such extreme conditions. The true solution of these questions has apparently been found in the recognition of the disturbing effects of the varying eccentricity of the earth's orbit, which, though inappreciable in the comparatively few years to which the affairs of men are limited, become of great importance in the vastly increased period brought into consideration when dealing with the history of the earth. The changes of eccentricity of the orbit are not of a nature to cause appreciable differences in the mean temperature either of the earth generally or of the two hemispheres; but they may, when combined with those changes of the

direction of the earth's axis which are consequences of the movements known as the precession of the equinoxes and nutation, lead to exaggeration of the extremes of heat and cold, or to their diminution; and this would appear to supply the means of explaining the observed facts, though doubtless the detailed application of the conception will long continue to give rise to discussions. Mr. Croll, in his book entitled "Climate and Time," has recently brought together with much research all that can now be said on this subject; and the general correctness of that part of his conclusions which refers to the periodical occurrence of epochs of greatly increased winter cold and summer heat in one hemisphere, combined with a more equable climate in the other, appears to me to be fully established.

These are the considerations which are held to prove that the inorganic structure of the globe, through all its successive stages,—the earth beneath our feet, with its varied surface of land and sea, mountain and plain, and with its atmosphere which distributes heat and moisture over that surface,—has been evolved as the necessary result of an original aggregation of matter at some extremely remote period, and of the subsequent modification of that matter in condition and form under the exclusive operation of invariable physical forces.

From these investigations we carry on the inquiry to the living creatures found upon the earth; what are their relations one to another, and what to the inorganic world with which they are associated?

This inquiry, first directed to the present time, and thence carried backwards as far as possible into the past, proves that there is one general system of life, vegetable and animal, which is co-extensive with the earth as it now is, and as it has been in all the successive stages of which we obtain a knowledge by geological research. The phenomena of life, as thus ascertained, are included in the organization of living creatures, and their distribution in time and place. The common bond that subsists between all vegetables and animals is testified by the identity of the ultimate elements of which they are composed. These elements are carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, with a few others in comparatively small quantities; the whole of the materials of all living things being found among those that compose the inorganic portion of the earth.

The close relation existing between the

least specialized animals and plants, and between these and organic matter not having life, and even inorganic matter, is indicated by the difficulty that arises in determining the nature of the distinctions between them. Among the more highly developed members of the two great branches of living creatures, the well-known similarities of structure observed in the various groups indicate a connection between proximate forms, which was long seen to be akin to that derived through descent from a common ancestor by ordinary generation.

The facts of distribution show that certain forms are associated in certain areas, and that as we pass from one such area to another the forms of life change also. The general assemblages of living creatures in neighbouring countries easily accessible to one another, and having similar climates, resemble one another; and much in the same way, as the distance between areas increases, or their mutual accessibility diminishes, or the conditions of climate differ, the likeness in the forms within them becomes continually less apparent. The plants and animals existing at any time in any locality tend constantly to diffuse themselves around that local centre, this tendency being controlled by the climate and other conditions of the surrounding area, so that under certain unfavourable conditions diffusion ceases.

The possibilities of life are further seen to be everywhere directly influenced by all external conditions, such as those of climate, including temperature, humidity, and wind; of the length of the seasons and days and nights; of the character of the surface whether it be land or water, and whether it be covered by vegetation or otherwise; of the nature of the soil; of the presence of other living creatures; and many more. The abundance of forms of life in different areas (as distinguished from number of individuals) is also found to vary greatly, and to be related to the accessibility of such areas to immigration from without; to the existence, within or near the areas, of localities offering considerable variations of the conditions that chiefly affect life; and to the local climate and conditions being compatible with such immigration.

For the explanation of these and other phenomena of organization and distribution, the only direct evidence that observation can supply is that derived from the mode of propagation of creatures now living; and no other mode is known than that which takes place by ordinary genera-

tion, through descent from parent to offspring.

It was left for the genius of Darwin to point out how the course of nature as it now acts in the reproduction of living creatures, is sufficient for the interpretation of what had previously been incomprehensible in these matters. He showed how propagation by descent operates subject to the occurrence of certain small variations in the offspring, and that the preservation of some of these varieties to the exclusion of others follows as a necessary consequence when the external conditions are more suitable to the preserved forms than to those lost. The operation of these causes he called natural selection. Prolonged over a great extent of time it supplies the long-sought key to the complex system of forms either now living on the earth, or the remains of which are found in the fossil state, and explains the relations among them, and the manner in which their distribution has taken place in time and space.

Thus we are brought to the conclusion that the directing forces which have been efficient in developing the existing forms of life from those which went before them, are those same successive external conditions, including the forms of land and sea and the character of the climate, which have already been shown to arise from the gradual modification of the material fabric of the globe as it slowly attained to its present state. In each succeeding epoch, and in each separate locality, the forms preserved and handed on to the future were determined by the general conditions of surface at the time and place; and the aggregate of successive sets of conditions over the whole earth's surface has determined the entire series of forms which have existed in the past, and have survived till now.

As we recede from the present into the past, it necessarily follows, as a consequence of the ultimate failure of all evidence as to the conditions of the past, that positive testimony of the conformity of the facts with the principle of evolution gradually diminishes, and at length ceases. In the same way positive evidence of the continuity of action of all the physical forces of nature eventually fails. But inasmuch as the evidence, so far as it can be procured, exclusively supports the belief in this continuity of action, and as we have no experience of the contrary, the only justifiable conclusion is, that the production of life must have been going on as we now know it, without any intermis-

sion from the time of its first appearance on the earth.

These considerations manifestly afford no sort of clue to the origin of life. They only serve to take us back to a very remote epoch, when the living creatures differed greatly in detail from those of the present time, but had such resemblances to them as to justify the conclusion that the essence of life then was the same as now; and through that epoch into an unknown anterior period, during which the possibility of life, as we understand it, began, and from which have emerged in a way that we cannot comprehend matter with its properties, bound together by what we call the elementary physical forces. There seems to be no foundation in any observed fact for suggesting that the wonderful property which we call life, appertains to the combinations of elementary substances in association with which it is exclusively found, otherwise than as all other properties appertain to the particular forms or combinations of matter with which they are associated. It is no more possible to say how originated or operates the tendency of some sorts of matter to take the form of 'vapours, or fluids, or solid bodies, in all their various shapes, or for the various sorts of matter to attract one another or combine, than it is to explain the origin in certain forms of matter of the property we call life, or the mode of its action. For the present, at least, we must be content to accept such facts as the foundation of positive knowledge, and from them to rise to the apprehension of the means by which nature has reached its present state, and is advancing into an unknown future.

These conceptions of the relations of animal and vegetable forms to the earth in its successive stages, lead to views of the significance of type (*i.e.*, the general system of structure running through various groups of organized beings) very different from those under which it was held to be an indication of some occult power directing the appearance of a succession of living creatures on the earth, according to some arbitrary preconceived plan. In the light of evolution, type is nothing more than the course given to the actual development of life by the surface-conditions of the earth, which have supplied the forces that determined the forms of the successive generations leading from the past to the present. There is no indication of any inherent or prearranged disposition towards the development of life in any particular direction. It would

rather appear that the actual face of nature is the result of a succession of apparently trivial incidents, which by some very slight alteration of local circumstances might often, it would seem, have been turned in a different direction. Some otherwise unimportant difference in the constitution or sequence of the substrata at any locality, might have determined the elevation of mountains where a hollow filled by the sea was actually formed, and thereby the whole of the climatal and other conditions of a large area would have been changed, and an entirely different impulse given to the development of life locally, which might have impressed a new character on the whole face of nature.

But further, all that we see or know to have existed upon the earth has been controlled to its most minute details by the original constitution of the matter which was drawn together to form our planet. The actual character of all inorganic substances, as of all living creatures, is only consistent with the actual constitution and proportions of the various substances of which the earth is composed. Other proportions than the actual ones in the constituents of the atmosphere would have required an entirely different organization in all air-breathing animals, and probably in all plants. With any considerable difference in the quantity of water either in the sea or distributed as vapour, vast changes in the constitution of living creatures must have been involved. Without oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, or carbon, what we term life would have been impossible. But such speculations need not be extended.

The substances of which the earth is now composed are identical with those of which it has always been made up; so far as is known it has lost nothing and has gained nothing, except what has been added in extremely minute quantities by the fall of meteorites. All that is or ever has been upon the earth is part of the earth, has sprung from the earth, is sustained by the earth, and returns to the earth; taking back thither what it withdrew, making good the materials on which life depends, without which it would cease, and which are destined again to enter into new forms, and contribute to the ever onward flow of the great current of existence.

The progress of knowledge has removed all doubt as to the relation in which the human race stands to this great stream of life. It is now established that man ex-



isted on the earth at a period vastly anterior to any of which we have records in history or otherwise. He was the contemporary of many extinct mammalia at a time when the outlines of land and sea, and the conditions of climate over large parts of the earth, were wholly different from what they now are, and our race has been advancing towards its present condition during a series of ages for the extent of which ordinary conceptions of time afford no suitable measure. These facts have, in recent years, given a different direction to opinion as to the manner in which the great groups of mankind have become distributed over the areas where they are now found; and difficulties once considered insuperable become soluble when regarded in connection with those alternations of the outlines of land and sea, which are shown to have been going on up to the very latest geological periods. The ancient monuments of Egypt, which take us back perhaps seven thousand years from the present time, indicate that when they were erected the neighbouring countries were in a condition of civilization not very greatly different from that which existed when they fell under the dominion of the Romans or Mahometans hardly fifteen hundred years ago; and the progress of the population towards that condition can hardly be accounted for otherwise than by prolonged gradual transformations, going back to times so far distant as to require a geological rather than an historical standard of reckoning.

Man, in short, takes his place with the rest of the animate world, in the advancing front of which he occupies so conspicuous a position. Yet for this position he is indebted not to any exclusive powers of his own, but to the wonderful compelling forces of nature which have lifted him entirely without his knowledge, and almost without his participation, so far above the animals of whom he is still one, though the only one able to see or consider what he is.

For the social habits essential to his progress, which he possessed even in his most primitive state, man is without question dependent on his ancestors, as he is for his form and other physical peculiarities. In his advance to civilization he was insensibly forced, by the pressure of external circumstances, through the more savage condition in which his life was that of the hunter, first to pastoral and then to agricultural occupations. The requirements of a population gradually increasing

in numbers could only be met by a supply of food more regular and more abundant than could be provided by the chase. But the possibility of a change from the hunter to the shepherd or herdsman rested on the antecedent existence of animals suited to supply man with food, having gregarious habits and fitted for domestication, such as sheep, goats, and horned cattle. For their support the social grasses were a necessary preliminary, and for the growth of these in sufficient abundance land naturally suitable for pasture was required. A further evasion of man's growing difficulty in obtaining sufficient food was secured by aid of the cereal grasses, which supplied the means by which agriculture, the outcome of pastoral life, became the chief occupation of more civilized generations. Lastly, when these increased facilities for providing food were in turn overtaken by the growth of the population, new power to cope with the recurring difficulty was gained through the cultivation of mechanical arts and of thought, for which the needful leisure was for the first time obtained when the earliest steps of civilization had removed the necessity for unremitting search after the means of supporting existence. Then was broken down the chief barrier in the way of progress, and man was carried forward to the condition in which he now is.

It is impossible not to recognize that the growth of civilization, by aid of its instruments, pastoral and agricultural industry, was the result of the unconscious adoption of defences supplied by what was exterior to man, rather than of any truly intelligent steps taken with forethought to attain it; and in these respects man, in his struggle for existence, has not differed from the humbler animals or from plants. Neither can the marvellous ultimate growth of his knowledge, and his acquisition of the power of applying to his use all that lies without him, be viewed as differing in anything but form or degree from the earlier steps in his advance. The needful protection against the foes of his constantly increasing race,—the legions of hunger and disease, infinite in number, ever changing their mode of attack or springing up in new shapes,—could only be attained by some fresh adaptation of his organization to his wants, and this has taken the form of that development of intellect which has placed all other creatures at his feet, and all the powers of nature in his hand.

The picture that I have thus attempted to draw presents to us our earth carrying



with it, or receiving from the sun or other external bodies, as it travels through celestial space, all the materials and all the forces by help of which is fashioned whatever we see upon it. We may liken it to a great complex living organism, having an inert substratum of inorganic matter on which are formed many separate organized centres of life, but all bound up together by a common law of existence, each individual part depending on those around it, and on the past condition of the whole. Science is the study of the relations of the several parts of this organism one to another, and of the parts to the whole. It is the task of the geographer to bring together from all places on the earth's surface the materials from which shall be deduced the scientific conception of nature. Geography supplies the rough blocks wherewith to build up that grand structure towards the completion of which science is striving. The traveller, who is the journeyman of science, collects from all quarters of the earth observations of fact, to be submitted to the research of the student, and to provide the necessary means of verifying the inductions obtained by study, or the hypotheses suggested by it. If, therefore, travellers are to fulfil the duties put upon them by the division of scientific labour, they must maintain their knowledge of the several branches of science at such a standard as will enable them thoroughly to apprehend what are the present requirements of science, and the classes of facts on which fresh observation must be brought to bear to secure its advance. Nor does this involve any impracticable course of study. Such knowledge as will fit a traveller for usefully participating in the progress of science is now placed within the reach of every one. The lustre of that energy and self-devotion which characterize the better class of explorers will not be dimmed, by joining to these qualities an amount of scientific training which will enable them to bring away from distant regions enlarged conceptions of other matters besides mere distance and direction. How great is the value to science of the observations of travellers endowed with a share of such instruction is testified by the labours of many living naturalists. In our days this is especially true; and I appeal to all who desire to promote the progress of geographical science as explorers, to prepare themselves for doing so efficiently, while they yet possess the vigour and physical powers that so much conduce to success in their pursuits. RICHARD STRACHEY.

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## CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE members of the little garrison of Mustaphabad, after the first transport of excitement at deliverance from their desperate condition, wandered about the grounds in all the enjoyment of safety and freedom from molestation; and then, going further, visited the court-house and deserted rebel camp, and, penetrating the village, examined the position held by the assailants, and the appearance of their own defences from the outside. Every spot had its associations with some episode in the contest. See, here is the place behind this wall where that fellow used to hide who took such good shots, and bothered us so, till Egan got a sight of him two mornings ago, and that stain on the ground must be the result. Then there were endless questions to be asked of Kirke's subaltern, who had been brought in wounded, about the state of affairs in other parts, and all the stirring events throughout India which had been crowded into the space of their incarceration; and they learned, too, from the young man, now lying on a cot in the shade with his wounds dressed, the particulars of the relief, — how, while Kirke had drawn up his horsemen out of range of the guns while reconnoitring for the best way of relieving the garrison, Falkland had appeared galloping towards them across the plain; how, soon afterwards, an emissary had joined them from the nawab, bringing news which determined Falkland to move on the palace first, and having set the nawab free, to attack the rebels in rear; how, disdaining to dismount, he had fallen while leading the advance through the city, and the assailants had sustained a temporary check from the loss of their gallant leader. All this the wounded officer had many times to tell to the eager listeners round his bed; while Kirke himself, too busy for conversation, was engaged on the various duties of his command.

As for the building which had sheltered them so long, the first thing to be done was to get away from it and its foul atmosphere. The removal of the sandbag screen should be deferred till morning, when hired coolies could once more be procured; but an opening was soon made in the west side, and the wounded were carried outside, and their cots placed on the gravel walk. And a table was set out on the lawn to the east, where those not engaged in tending the sick dined together — a rough

repast as usual, but seasoned by fresh air. Afterwards they strolled through the lines of the cavalry, whose horses were picketed in the park, exchanging friendly greetings with their gallant deliverers. Then, wearied and ready for sleep, they lay down on their cots in the open air to pass their first quiet night in the happy sense of security; for pickets of Kirke's men had been posted round the park — although, as he remarked, if the enemy had not pluck to stop and fight it out, they would certainly not have pluck to come back again. The two doctors alone had occupation in tending the sick, including Kirke's men who had been brought in wounded, some thirty in number, besides his subaltern.

One member of the garrison, however, was absent from his place at dinner. When Kirke went in on his first arrival to make his report to the brigadier, the poor old man was found dead on the drawing-room couch. The doctor called it heat-apoplexy; at any rate, the revulsion of feeling would appear to have been too much for him. To most of the garrison the event did not cause surprise, the brigadier's feebleness of mind and body having been apparent to all; but the calamity was unexpected by his wife, and for the time she seemed quite stupefied by the shock. Silently she sat for a time holding her dead husband's hand, gazing at the inexpressive features; and then, when she was led away by Mrs. Hodder, and the body was removed into a side-room preparatory to interment in the morning, she passed the night in wandering visits to it from her own apartment, her thoughts occupied perchance with pleasant memories of the past, mingled with remorse that she had treated the poor old man unkindly during his last days.

Another side-room was occupied by the young widow, Mrs. O'Halloran, who, tended by Mrs. Peart and Dr. Grumbull, gave birth that night to her third child, soon to be the eldest; for before morning the two sick children drew their last troubled breath, and their little forms lay still and silent, covered by a sheet, awaiting morning burial.

And poor young Raugh was not moved with the other wounded. Maxwell said there would be no use in disturbing him, and he was left in the sick-room, Olivia, who refused to be relieved of the duty, watching by him. She had gone to the lad's bedside when the news was told her of her husband's death, and was sitting there when Yorke entered the room in the early part of the night. It was almost

empty, save for a cot in the middle on which lay the dying youth, while Olivia's pallid face was lighted up by the dim light of the flickering wick in a cup of oil placed on a little table beside the pillow. The poor boy was quiet enough now, and lay breathing slowly and apparently insensible. His nurse from time to time moistened his lips with water.

Yorke came and stood behind her, watching the face of the dying lad.

Olivia was the first to speak. "I knew it must be you," she said, turning round and showing a face which looked as if some shock had deprived it of the power of expressing emotion. "Why are you not taking the rest you must want more than any one? There is little to be done here, you see," she added, with a glance towards the slowly breathing figure beside them. "Had you not better leave us?" and her voice seemed to say that she wished to be alone.

But as the young man moved sorrowfully away, she rose, and following, called him by name. Silently they stood facing each other, the one with dishevelled hair and dust-covered face, dressed in a grey flannel blouse and linen trousers which had once been white, a sword and pistols in his belt, a battered pith-helmet in his hand; the other with little to mark the lady by her dress, but with the same graceful carriage as ever, although care and sorrow seemed in this short time to have driven out the first freshness of youth from the sweet face. Olivia was the first to speak. "Mr. Yorke, you must know what I want to ask. No one has told me yet what has become of —" she faltered over the completion of the question.

"I have been engaged in trying to find him all this evening," he replied, "and have now come back only because it was too dark to continue the search. It seems unaccountable how I should have failed to discover" — the colonel's body he would have said, but checked himself, and added, "but I will begin again the first thing in the morning; we shall surely be successful then."

"Thank you," said Olivia, with fervour; then after a pause she added, "and oh, Mr. Yorke, can you forgive my selfish petulance just now? Captain Buxey has told me of your noble conduct, how you wanted to go yourself instead of him, and it was entirely his overruling. I felt from the first," she went on, after another pause, "that he would never escape, and every time he left my sight I used to think it must be the last. I knew what their news

was, quite well, when they came to tell me; and oh!" she continued, struggling with her tears, "to think that if he had been spared for a few moments longer the danger would have been over! But it is very hard on you men, when you are doing your duty so bravely, to be worried by the selfish complaints of us useless women. But you will go and try and find him early in the morning, won't you?"

"She selfish!" thought Yorke, as he strode away; "then what must I be? To think that I should be watching her face to see how much of her regard for me is real, while she, poor thing, is breaking her heart for her dead husband lying unburied somewhere in the kennel—yet even in her grief she has time to think of others."

But although Yorke with several of the others renewed the search at daybreak, Falkland's body could not be found. Kirke excused himself from going, having pressing business to look after, but he described the place where the search should be made so clearly that it could not be mistaken. Falkland had fallen in leading an advance on horseback down one of the streets of the city; the party following him had then been repulsed and given way, and the point had not been carried till Kirke advancing down another line took it in rear. Many dead still cumbered the roadway, stripped, and some of them foully mutilated; and Yorke did not dare to tell Olivia when he returned, after the sun was high, from his fruitless errand, that although he believed he had not found the body of her husband, it might possibly have been among those he saw without his being able to recognize it. It added to the grief felt by the members of the garrison at the loss in the moment of victory of the gallant leader who had been the soul of the defence, that they could not give him decent burial with their own hands; but Yorke was not sorry that Olivia should be spared the shock of receiving back, as the body of her husband, one of the mangled corpses amid which his search had been made.

During Yorke's absence in the morning, the bodies of the brigadier and young Raugh were buried in a shady spot in the corner of the garden, and a little grave beside it contained the two children, who made their exit from the world almost at the moment when their little brother came into it. Another funeral took place at the same time. It has been mentioned that just as the relieving force was issuing from the city, some of the garrison had sallied out, and, lining the park-wall, had taken

some parting shots at the flying enemy. The latter were for the most part too panic-stricken to reply; but here and there a sepoy, as he stole away, turned round to fire at random, and one of these stray shots had taken effect. When the party, after the first excitement of Kirke's arrival, had time to look about them, it was seen that the jemadar, who had made one of the sally, was lying under the wall with a bullet through his heart—the last man to fall, killed a few minutes after the death of the master he had served so faithfully. As many of the garrison as could be spared followed the body to the Mohammedan burial-ground; for Ameer Khan's gallantry and faithfulness had won universal respect, and the Europeans had come to regard him as a comrade and friend.

"That makes fifteen casualties altogether," said Egan, as the party were returning home; "eleven killed and dead, and four wounded, besides non-combatants. It would not have taken very much longer to use up the whole of us, especially as the rate was increasing."

"The loss was not so great after all," observed Yorke; "there are still some thirty-seven of us untouched. Many a single company at Inkerman must have had as many or more knocked over in a few minutes."

"Yes," said Braddon, who was walking beside the other two; "but it is just the difference between losing your leg at one slice, and having it chopped away bit by bit. Which is likely to try your spirits most? No, depend on it, the relief did not come very much too soon."

And now the survivors set about making their various preparations, some for departure to a place of greater security, others for reorganizing British authority on the spot; while a still more fortunate few, among whom Yorke was included, were invited by Kirke to accompany him in his progress onwards. During that day Kirke would halt, for he had made a long forced march the day before, and with his men had been eighteen hours in the saddle; but on the next he must push forward, his orders being urgent to hasten to the seat of war, where cavalry were much needed. The ladies and sick were to proceed to the hills under escort of a detachment of his troopers. The rebels were known to have moved in the opposite direction; and once over the river, the country for the remainder of the way was in comparative order. The nawab, now reinstated in authority, lent his camel-carriage to convey some of the party, and

light palanquins were procured for the remainder.

With the sick went Major Dumble. That distinguished officer, by the way, had become commandant of the garrison on the brigadier's death; and it fell to him to sign the despatch to government recounting the siege. How Dumble, whom the promotion caused by casualties in other parts of the country had brought up to the grade of lieutenant-colonel, was thereon made in due course a brevet colonel and C.B., and of the encomiums passed by the press on his literary performances for his very flowery composition, emanating, in fact, from Sparrow's pen, — evidently an Indian Cæsar this Dumble, quoth a London weekly paper famous for accuracy and epigram, and a great authority on India — knows how both to fight and write; these are not times for standing upon routine — why should not Colonel Dumble be made commander-in-chief? — these episodes, and the honours bestowed on other survivors of the famous defence, need not be here detailed. Dumble retired to the hills, there to await his honours, not to reappear on the scene of this history.

The travellers to the hills were to start at sunset, and as the time drew near, numerous and hearty were the farewells exchanged; nor, now that the discomforts and dangers of the siege were ended, were regrets altogether wanting at the termination of the enforced companionship from which only the day before they had been so eager to be delivered. "It wasn't half a bad time after all," said young Dobson of the late 76th; "and now there will be no nervous duty to give a chap a little excitement."

"Good-bye, old fellow," said Spragge to his friend and quondam chum from the recesses of his palanquin, as the latter came up to bid him farewell before the cavalcade set out; "all luck and glory to you in your campaigning. I shall come down to the plains again as soon as ever these ribs of mine get well, which I hope will be before all the fun is over. It will be hard work leaving Kitty —"

"Kitty?"

"Ah! I ought not to have told you. It's a secret, you know, but she won't mind my telling an old friend like you. Oh yes, it is all settled, and Mrs. Peart agrees, and everything. It seems rather soon, you know, after her poor father's death, and all that; but one lives fast in these times, and the poor little thing has been like a guardian angel to me since I

was wounded, taking care of me as if she had been a sister. But we are not to be married till all the fighting is over. What a wonderful thing this siege has been, to be sure, from first to last! I don't suppose I ever spoke to a young lady before, and here I am, the love-making all done, and engaged to be spliced, and all in less than a fortnight."

"Yes, it is unfortunate, no doubt," said Captain Sparrow, whom Yorke found sitting on a chair and superintending the packing of his palanquin by Justine, — "yes, it is unfortunate that I cannot stay to set things right, now that poor Falkland is gone; but the doctor says I must go away for a bit, and get my tone restored. The least, however, government can do, is to give me the permanent commissionership now, for of course Passey's appointment is quite a temporary affair."

"Justine appears as attentive as ever," observed Yorke, watching the young woman engaged on her knees in making a bed in the palanquin; "you really owe her a debt of gratitude."

"Ah, yes," said Sparrow, trying to look unconcerned, "Mademoiselle Dupont's character has come out very brightly under these trials; she possesses a fund of deep delicacy and refinement, which under ordinary circumstances might not have come to notice. Mrs. Falkland, you know, thinks very highly of her abilities and education, and they have always been quite friends. In fact she is far better educated and mannered than nine out of ten girls that you meet in this country. She is fit company for any lady in the land, I say, whatever foolish prejudices people may have."

"My dear fellow, I want no convincing on that point; if you recollect, it was you who objected to sitting down at the same table with the girl."

"Well," said Sparrow, interrupting, "I hope if you hear fellows talking nonsense you will just put them right about these things. The fact is," continued the captain, trying to look unconcerned, but with obvious confusion, "Mademoiselle Dupont is about to become Mrs. Sparrow. This is a secret at present, but I know I may trust you. Mademoiselle Dupont, you must know, is very well connected. Her father keeps a hotel at Tours, and a French hotel-keeper is a very different kind of person from what he is in England — often owns a vineyard, and that sort of thing. And I feel that I owe her a debt of gratitude that nothing can efface."

"You will see to the grave, won't you?"



said Mrs. Polwheedle to Mr. Hodder the missionary, as she prepared to step into the nawab's carriage, drawn up before the house; "and to a tombstone being put up and all? I should like everything to be done properly, as it ought to be for a first-class brigadier. You will be sure and let me know what it costs, and I will remit by treasury draft as soon as I get the arrears of pay. The poor dear man!" she continued, in a sort of trembling soliloquy, and wiping away the tears which began to flow as the time came for departure; "to think that I should be leaving him in this way, and that he should not have been spared to get his reward for all that we have gone through. He wasn't like himself, I know; he couldn't bear up and do himself justice for being so bad with the heat and his broken leg; but he was a fine man when I married him, though not, perhaps, so fine a man as poor Jones. Come along, Mrs. Falkland, my dear, they are all waiting for us."

The latter part of her remarks was addressed to Olivia, who had now at last issued from the house ready for departure, and for whose appearance Yorke, while bidding good-bye to the other travellers, had been eagerly watching. He went up to her as she was stepping into the carriage.

"Farewell," she said, holding out both her hands, and smiling kindly through her sorrow; "I shall never, never forget your noble conduct, and what a friend you have been to me—and to him; and remember—"

"Here, Yorke," called out Kirke, coming up at this moment, "I want you, like a good fellow, to ride at once to the palace"—and he took him aside to explain what the errand was. Thus Yorke was absent when the actual departure of the travellers took place, and he hurried off, casting a last look back on the scene—the camel-carriage in the midst, the palanquins here and there on the grounds, in which strangely attired women and dirty-looking unshorn men were depositing various parcels and bundles. Around the palanquins squatted the half-naked coolies who were to carry them; beyond was the Sikh escort—wild-looking fellows, sitting their horses like men who knew how to ride, but whose only uniform consisted as yet of a general similarity of turban and in the colour of their clothing; the background to the picture being formed of the residency, the half-destroyed defences of which added to the effects of the cannonade to give it the appearance of being in ruins.

The start was effected soon after sunset, the escort consisting of fifty of Kirke's men, attended by the nawab's head agent. Yorke would fain have seen a larger escort, and asked Kirke if he might go in charge; but the latter considered the guard quite strong enough under the circumstances. Was it likely, he asked, that he would allow his cousin to be exposed to any more risks? And indeed he had shown great solicitude for her comfort, himself superintending all the arrangements for the journey, and consulting her many times during the day about them. "The country behind us is quiet enough now," he said. "I gave them something to remember me by as we came along, and I let them know that if a soul dared so much as to wag his finger I would pay them another visit; and I don't think," he continued, significantly, "that they will venture to act on the invitation." And indeed Captain Kirke had left the track of his march behind him very plainly marked by extemporized gibbets and the smouldering ashes of burnt villages; and the country he had passed through, which on the visible signs of government having been swept away had fallen for a time into a state of anarchy, was now thoroughly cowed by that officer's stern retaliation, and the travellers reached their destination in the mountains without accident or adventure.

Two incidents of the day require to be mentioned. A sale was held during the afternoon of the deceased officers' effects, Egan, in the absence of any more regularly qualified official, acting as auctioneer, standing for that purpose on a chair under a tree in the park. Falkland having left a will which gave all his property to his wife, his furniture and effects were left by her desire at the residency for the present; but Kirke signified that his cousin had consented to the disposal of the saddlery, guns, and so forth—and Kathleen, who had been caught after her master's fall and brought in from the city, was knocked down to himself; while Braddon purchased a couple of carriage-horses, as suitable to carry his weight, for the late jemadar's brother during the day had brought back safely all the horses which were sent to his custody before the siege. One reservation was made in favour of Olivia's own horse Selim, which she requested Yorke to accept as a present, in a message sent through Mrs. Hodder, and conveyed in such pressing terms that the young man could not deny himself the gratification of coming under the obliga-



tion to her. Falkland's property indeed formed the staple of the auction, for the other deceased officers had brought but little with them into the residency; but such as the things were, they changed owners that day, and poor little Raugh's revolver, Major Peart's pistols, and Braywell's double gun fetched high prices. Such are funeral obsequies in war time. A man is killed one hour and buried the next, and his effects are distributed among friends and strangers before evening. The estate benefits, for on a campaign horses and camp-equipments are always in request; and if we call to mind the smug undertaker with his jolly-looking red-faced myrmidons who grace our funerals at home, and the simulated gravity over the funeral baked meats of conventional life, and the tedious formalities of the lawyers which follow, the comparison is perhaps not altogether unfavourable to the more rapid obsequies.

The other incident was the apprehension and disposal of the nawab's rebel brother. News being brought that the man was in hiding at a village about five miles off, Kirke sent out Egan with fifty troopers who surrounded the place and captured him, and he was escorted back to the residency on a horse requisitioned for the occasion. A drum-head court-martial was immediately improvised, composed of Kirke, Braddon, and Egan, who sat on chairs under a tree, without table or other apparatus, the rebel nawab being seated on the ground in front of them, his hands bound with cord, while two troopers with drawn swords stood a little behind. He was a handsome man of middle age, with well-built figure, aquiline nose, and long wavy beard and moustache dyed red. Kirke treated him with civility, using the forms of respect in address which are employed towards an equal or superior—equivalent to "your honour" instead of plain "you;" nor did he waste the time in reproaches; and the man, who answered all the questions put to him without reservation, may have thought with Agag that surely the bitterness of death was past. But after the interrogation had lasted for about ten minutes, Kirke, turning his head to the right and left, said, "I conclude, gentlemen, there is no doubt about the matter?" "None," said Braddon; "there is no need for further evidence; the man admits everything himself." "Quite so," responded Egan. Kirke hereon rose from his chair, the other two did the same, and the prisoner followed their example, and stood up. "Your honour must see," said Kirke, ad-

dressing him in a quiet voice, "that there is only one thing to be done. Egan, will you look after this business? and as soon as you come back we will have the auction;" and, so saying, Kirke turned away and walked back towards the house. The man looked pale for a moment, as if the sentence took him by surprise, but recovering himself at once, he shrugged his shoulders, as if to say, "Who cares?" and the little cavalcade stepped out towards the court-house—some troopers, then the prisoner walking unconcernedly, then a few more troopers, Lieutenant Egan bringing up the rear—while those off duty looked on indifferently. Presently, however, just as he had got outside the park-wall, Egan halted the party, and came back to Kirke, now busy in giving orders to various officers. The condemned man reported, Egan said, that he had some important information to communicate, if Kirke would give him a hearing. "That means," replied Kirke, "that he wants to buy off his life; what can he have to tell that is worth hearing? Let him carry his secret with him," and turned impatiently aside. Egan rejoined the procession, and told the big rebel what had passed, who smiled defiantly, and five minutes later was swinging from a tree before the court-house, which had already more than once that day done duty for gallows.

Major Passey remained at Mustaphabad, in civil and military command, with Buxey to help him, taking up his quarters in the court-house while the residency underwent repair and cleansing, with a few of the nawab's attendants for guard and the residue of the faithful sepoy, now reduced to thirteen, the nucleus of a levy to be raised at once. These gallant fellows, the real heroes of the defence—for they had shown the virtues of loyalty and moral courage as well as bravery—would now sink into oblivion. No gazette or public record would avail to hand down their names to the admiration of posterity; and although they had done their duty, it was at the cost of having broken off forever all ties with their old comrades, whose relatives would hardly accord a welcome greeting to the men, should they now live to return to their native villages, who had been instrumental in their extermination or proscription. The government, however, were not unmindful of the claims of these faithful soldiers. Each of the thirteen was promoted to be a native officer in the Mustaphabad Levy, the name given to the regiment Passey was now ordered to raise, and received also the

Indian Medal of Honour, and a grant of land into the bargain; and as in India there is no exception to the general rule that prosperity brings friends, it may be hoped that these gallant fellows have had in the long run no reason to regret that they cast in their lot on the side of duty.

Passey offered the second post in his levy to Braddon, who would fain have retained his connection with the gallant remnant of his old regiment; but Kirke, who was now without officers, asked him to join his regiment, and as this offered the chance of immediate service, he naturally accepted the latter invitation in preference. Kirke took Yorke and Egan also with him and a young officer of the 80th, while Maxwell joined him temporarily as surgeon, Grumbull being left in medical charge of Mustaphabad; and the regiment thus reinforced set off the next morning at daybreak.

Mrs. Hodder did not accompany the other ladies to the hills, but stayed with her husband, who on the same day moved back into his old quarters in the city, and set about re-establishing his school. The Hodders took Mrs. O'Halloran to live with them for the present; the poor child with her young baby not being fit to travel.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.

#### NATURAL RELIGION.

V.

"BUT what consolation is to be found in such a worship? What is the *use* of believing in such a God?" This is the objection I expect to hear. It is true that the conception I have been drawing out, however evidently great, sublime, and glorious, is at the same time a painful and oppressive conception to us. The thought of the unity of the universe is not by itself inspiring; the belief in it can scarcely be called a faith. For we must look at the bad side of the universe as well as the good. The power we contemplate is the power of death as well as life, of decay as well as of vigour; in human affairs He is the power of reaction as well as of progress, of barbarism as well as of civilization, of corruption as well as of reform, of immobility as well as of movement, of the past as well as of the future. In the most ancient and one of the grandest hymns ever addressed to Him, this mixed feeling of terror and fascination with which we naturally regard Him is strongly

marked:—"Thou turnest man to destruction; again Thou sayest, Come again, ye children of men. For we consume away in Thine anger, and in Thy wrath we are troubled." Bearing this in mind, it has become a habit with us to say that God thus conceived is not God at all, and to treat belief in God as equivalent to a belief in something beyond these appearances, something which gives the preponderance to good and makes the evil evanescent in comparison with it. If we cannot grasp this belief in something beyond, it is thought that what is visible on the face of the universe is a mere nightmare. "Call it God, if you will; but it is a God upon whose face no man can look and live; from such a God it is well to turn away our eyes. What is the *use* of such a God?"

But meanwhile He is there. Though the heart ache to contemplate Him, He is there. Can we turn our eyes away from Him? In which direction should we turn them?

And yet no doubt it is quite possible to look upon the universe and see no such being. It is possible to think only of each thing as it comes, and to refrain from viewing them in the whole which they constitute. By viewing all things continually "in disconnection dull and spiritless," we may relieve our minds of the burden of a thought too vast for them. This course is possible, and even has its advantages; but it is only possible in the same way as it is possible to narrow our minds, to retrograde into a past stage of development, and the advantages it offers are of the same sort as those which barbarism offers in comparison with civilization. For a mind of any force or compass it is scarcely possible; at least, if it is possible to remain a stranger to the conception altogether, it is scarcely possible to lose it after having been once enlightened, after having once admitted a conception which so rapidly modifies the mind into which it enters.

But is this conception really so efficacious to modify the mind? Is it not too large and vague? Or if its power over minds in a certain stage cannot be denied, if the wonderful effect it has had, even in its rudest shape, over the nations that have been converted to Mohammedanism must be acknowledged, yet is there any reason to believe that it can exert any influence over minds sobered by knowledge and inductive science? The question here, be it observed, is not whether practical results are to be expected from such

direct contemplation of God in nature. This question we have considered before; we have seen that the practical result to be expected is nothing less than that reign of science which is announced in these days as the greatest of revolutions. The question is not now of theology but of religion. It is whether this practical devotion to nature is to be attended with any worship, any exalted condition of the imagination and feelings. This seems often to be denied both by the friends and by the enemies of the scientific movement. The former often take for granted that worship belongs only to God considered as a supernatural being, and that God in this sense is exploded by science. The latter represent that God, viewed in nature alone, appears so awful, so devoid of moral perfections, as to be no proper object of worship.

Unquestionably there is some real foundation for this latter view. That God is too awful to be worshipped has been at times almost admitted by those who have worshipped Him most. Prophets used to speak of entering into the rocks and hiding in the dust for fear of Him. It is only because they were able to perceive dimly that which reassured them, that which mitigated the terror and made the greatness less insufferable, that religious men have been able to retain religious feelings. But for this they would have felt nothing but a stony stupefaction; they would have armed their hearts with callousness, and have encountered life with stoic apathy. Religious men have always been in danger of that scorching of the brain which leads to fanaticism and inhumanity. It is not without danger that the brain tampers with so vast a conception, as on the other hand it can only keep aloof from it by resigning itself to a contemptible littleness. What means there are of escaping this danger is a separate question, but as soon as it is escaped, terror and astonishment pass at once into worship. Meanwhile, I can find no reason why the most exclusive votary of science should not worship. On the contrary, I think it clear that worship, if we may fairly use that word in the sense of infinite admiration and absorbing wonder, will increase in proportion as science is diffused, and that it can only be endangered by too great division of labour among scientific men. Not because there is no God to worship is science tempted to renounce worship, but it may be tempted by the necessity of concentration, by the absorbing passion of analysis, by prudential lim-

itation of the sphere of study, by a mistaken fear of the snares of the imagination.

I might quote many distinct declarations made by scientific men of the tendency of the contemplation of nature to excite worship. But it can be shown by a more conclusive proof. Worship expresses itself naturally in poetry. And again where a deity is recognized there are votaries, there are those who dedicate their lives to the worship of him. Now, is it true that God viewed in nature has received the homage of no poetry? Is it true that nature has made no votaries, has inspired no one? Has the universe always appeared either so awful as to shut the mouths of those who contemplated it, or, on the other hand, so devoid of unity as to excite no single or distinct feeling?

It would certainly be of little use to say, "Here is God — worship Him!" to those at least who have been gazing upon the object all their lives, and yet have seen nothing to worship there; unless we could show historically that the same contemplation has led others to worship. But surely this is easy. Ever since the worship of God founded too exclusively on supernaturalism began to be dulled by scepticism, a counter-movement has been going on, reviving and re-establishing the worship of God in nature. As I have maintained that the scientific movement so far from being properly atheistic, is in fact the setting up of a new theology, so let me point out that all modern poetry and art, particularly where it has appeared most hostile to the Church, has pointed towards a new form of religion, towards a new worship of God. How striking a phenomenon is the appearance, since the middle of the last century, of the word nature in all theories of literature and art.

As worship always finds its expression in art, calling in architecture to design the temples of its divinity and painting to embellish them, and invoking Him by the aid of the poet and of the musical composer, so, on the other hand, art is never inspired by anything but worship. The true artist is he who worships, for worship is habitual admiration. It is the enthusiastic appreciation of something, and such enthusiastic appreciation is the qualification without which an artist cannot even be conceived. Wherever, therefore, art is, there is religion; but the religion may be what has been described above as pagan. It may be a mere appreciation of material and individual beauty. To become relig-

ion in the high sense, it must appreciate the unity in things; and even of such religion there is a higher and a lower form. The lower form is that which, while it perceives a unity in nature, yet takes at the same time an inadequate view of nature, not including in its view, or not making sufficiently prominent, what is highest in nature—that is, morality. Such religion may be said to worship a mere Jove; but if morality receives its due place, such religion is, in a worthy sense, the worship of God. Now, there took place towards the end of the last century a remarkable revolution in art. For the first time artists began to perceive the unity of what they contemplated; and for the first time, in consequence, they began to feel that their pursuit was no desultory amusement, but an elevating worship. It never entered into the mind of the poets of the seventeenth century, of a Corneille or a Dryden; perhaps it was not clearly conceived even by a Shakespeare or a Milton, that their function as artists was the worship of nature. This conception belongs to the age of Goethe and Wordsworth, and it has had very manifestly the effect of increasing the self-respect of artists ever since. But this fact, so conspicuous upon the page of recent history, is the best answer to the question whether God considered purely in nature is an object of worship. No terror, and still less any hopeless incomprehensibility in nature, prevented these poets from rendering a worship by which their own lives were dignified, and in a manner hallowed.

I might quote many names from many countries in illustration of this, for it was characteristic of that age that everywhere the men of sensibility, the artists, and especially the poets, as using the instrument of greatest compass, assumed a high and commanding tone. The function of the prophet was then revived, and poets for the first time aspired to teach the art of life, and founded schools. The greatest poets in earlier times had aimed at nothing of this sort; but from the time of Rousseau, through that of Goethe, Schiller, Chateaubriand, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Byron, and almost to our own times, poets have helped to make opinions, have influenced philosophy, social institutions, and politics. But let us think for a moment of the two greatest of these names.

Goethe was not, it may be, admirable in morality; but he was, nevertheless, a religious man. There is no necessary

connection between religion and morality; and, as I have just pointed out, one form of religion, and that not the lowest, takes little account of morality. It does not follow because the religion which is combined with morality is immeasurably better, that the non-moral religion is unreal or hypocritical, nor yet that it is valueless. It may be greatly better than no religion at all. Goethe's religion seems to me to have been a very real and a very powerful principle. It gave unity and dignity to his life. It made it life in the true sense—that is, a perpetual regulated energy of the feelings. God in nature was the object of his worship. Not this or that class of phenomena, but the unity that is visible in all was the thought that possessed him. He felt, as he says, the whole six days' work go on within him. To know this by science, and to realize, appropriate, assimilate it in art, was the labour and happiness of his life. When I call this perpetual rapt contemplation by the name of religion, I am not interpreting his feelings into a new language. I am using his own language; it is Goethe himself who calls it so. Who has science and art, he says, has religion.

It is not altogether true that this religion did not act as a moral stimulus or restraint upon him. It was the spring of an indefatigable industry, and industry is a virtue. Little-mindedness, frivolity, sordid devotion to money, are vices; and his religion raised him high above all such temptations. But it is true that the idea of duty and self-sacrifice appears not to be very sacred in his mind—rather, perhaps, to be irritating, embarrassing, odious to him. Only I cannot see that this was in any degree owing to the pantheistic character of his religion. It seems to me quite possible to think of God as an immanent cause, or not to raise the question of the manner of His relation to the universe, and yet to pay a due homage to morality. If Goethe thought of God mainly as the source of beauty, and did not much associate the ideas of duty or of self-sacrifice with Him, this seems to me owing simply to some misfortune in his experience or character which in some measure blinded him to the true greatness of those ideas. Had he realized the moral side of the universe as strongly as he did the other sides, assuredly his idea of God would have been raised proportionally. His pantheism would not have prevented this—rather, it would have necessitated it. He who identifies God with the uni-



verse will assuredly not omit from his idea of God that which he thinks greatest in the universe.

But the saint of this religion is Wordsworth. Up to a certain point these two poets agree in their way of regarding the universe. Both begin with a warm and perfectly healthy paganism. They refuse worship to nothing that has a right to it. Their sympathies take hold of everything, and that with so much warmth, that their poems have made the old mythologies intelligible to us, and brought back the days of nymphs and river-gods. Again, they agree in setting the whole above the parts, in worshipping the unity of things much more than the things themselves. Their service of adoration rises gradually to the highest object, and closes in the Hebrew manner with, "Among the gods there is none like unto Thee, O God." But the feebleness in handling the conception of duty, which we notice in Goethe, is not to be remarked in Wordsworth. No poet can be named more austere in his morality than this worshipper of nature. If it is just to call him a pantheist, all that can be said is, in that case pantheism has not the effect commonly attributed to it of cutting the sinews of virtue.

I have said that Goethe's religion had a salutary effect upon his life. Of Wordsworth's religion, surely much more may be said. Religious people have a curious habit of refusing to take it seriously. "Oh, yes!" they say, "he made for himself a sort of poetical religion," and they imply that it had no more reality than the conventional heathenism of the classical school, or the Arcadia of modern pastoral. Most of them would be utterly disconcerted to hear him called the most religious man, and the greatest reviver of religion of his age. And yet it is surely somewhat unsatisfactory to account for the religiousness of his poetry by the conventionalism of poetic language, when we consider that he was precisely the reformer who put down this conventionalism, and gave new life to poetry by making it sincere. And without denying that even he might not always escape the temptation to exaggeration which besets all those whose trade is in words, there is quite as much evidence of the general sincerity of Wordsworth's religion as there is of that of any other eminent religious teacher. All religious teachers alike must necessarily deal much in words, and almost all will occasionally overstate their feelings. Here is a description of Wordsworth,

drawn from the personal observation of one who was perfectly aware of all his foibles. Let the reader judge whether this description of the man as he was does not correspond to a very unusual and wonderful degree with that which might be drawn by conjecture from his poems:—"The recluse of the Lakes,' who loved the 'life removed,' would direct himself to the painstaking investigation of nature's smallest secrets, would halt by the wayside bank, and dilate with exquisite sensibility and microscopic power of analysis on the construction of the humblest grasses, or on the modest seclusion of some virgin wild flower nestling in the bosom, or diffidently peering from out the privacy, of a shady nook composed of plumes of verdant ferns. In that same stroll to Heisterbach he pointed out to me such beauty of design in objects I had used to trample under foot, that *I felt as if almost every spot on which I trod was holy ground, which I had rudely desecrated.* His eyes would fill with tears, and his voice falter, as he dwelt on the benevolent adaptation of means to ends discernible by reverential observation. *Nor did his reflections die out in mawkish sentiment; they lay 'too deep for tears,' and as they crowded thickly on him, his gentle spirit, subdued by the sense of the Divine goodness towards His creatures, became attuned to better thoughts; the love of nature inspired his heart with a gratitude to nature's God, and found its most suitable expression in numbers.*"

It seems strange to refuse to think of this man as religious, and yet to think, for example, of Keble as a saint, whose poetry frequently bears the appearance of having been written not so much to express what he felt as in hopes of feeling what he expressed, and who himself accused his own "Christian Year" of unreality. It would be hard to find in hagiography better evidences of genuine piety than can be found in the life of Wordsworth.

But another thing conceals from us the saintliness of his character. It is that Wordsworth's life was not passed in philanthropic undertakings, that he made no great sacrifices of money or labour, and that his happiness was enormous and never clouded. Here again his lot has been similar to that of Goethe, who has lost men's sympathies, partly because he was exempt from suffering. Wordsworth's prosperity was of a much more modest kind, but it was equally uniform. Neither of these men knew much of the darker side of human life. Goethe, we know,



shunned the sight of whatever was painful with a care that may be thought selfish or effeminate, particularly when it is considered in connection with the moral laxity which pervades his works. Wordsworth had none of this epicureanism; but, accustomed as we are to picture the saint as in the very thick of human misery, as surrounded with distresses with which he identifies himself, and which he devotes his life to comforting or remedying, we do not readily imagine it possible for a saint to pass his life in a perpetual course of lonely enjoyment as Wordsworth did among the lakes and mountains, the objects of his passion. It may be worth a paragraph or two to consider the soundness of this impression.

Let us then remark that if Wordsworth knew nothing of sacrifice and sorrow, it was mainly because he had, in his religion, a talisman against both. The complete absence of wealth, and of the prospect of wealth, would have been a severe trial to most Englishmen. It would have cost most people anxiety, discontent; it would have led many literary men to unworthy compliances with the taste of the age, to writing bad books and too many of them. If it brought no suffering and no temptation to Wordsworth, if it never clouded his happiness for an instant, this was not good luck but a victory over evil, won so completely that there remain no traces of the conflict. That art of plain living, which moralists in all ages have prized so much, was mastered completely by Wordsworth. He found the secret of victory where alone it can be found. He sacrificed the wealth that is earned by labour, trade, speculation in exchange for the wealth that is given away. Others might purchase and hoard, and set up fences, calling it property, to exclude others from enjoyment. To his share fell, what all alike may take, all those things that have no economical value, and that are therefore denied to industry, air and sunshine, in short the goodly universe to which "he was wedded in love and holy passion." It is impossible to avoid rhetorical language in describing what nevertheless is no imaginary moral attainment, but one well-attested as much by the ridicule of his detractors as by his own assertions.

As of sacrifice, so of adversity. He was no stranger to it; only he triumphed completely over it. What greater calamity can befall a man than to fail in his vocation, to be unappreciated, to see his highest efforts unsuccessful? Wordsworth's failure was such as has driven

many men to suicide, many to settled despondency, many to cynicism, and many to abandonment of their enterprise. Had he been a rich man, it might not have been surprising that he should indulge his taste for a good while even in defiance of public ridicule. Had he been intoxicated with self-conceit, his perseverance would have been none the less wonderful, but it would not have been admirable or virtuous. But taking all the circumstances together, considering that the estimate he formed of his own merits was rational, that he was a poor man, that the ignorant contempt of the public for his performances continued unshaken for the greater part of his life, and was ratified by the most authoritative critics, we cannot but consider it an extraordinary proof of the power of character to prevail over circumstances that so much injustice, such brutal dullness in his countrymen, should not have affected for a moment his happiness or his temper, or the soundness of his judgment. But this force of character came to him from his religion. From the Eternal Being among whose mountains he wandered, there came to his heart steadfastness, stillness, a sort of reflected or reproduced eternity.

No word should be said against the philanthropic life, against the Christian sympathy that seeks out distress, and bestows time and trouble upon the relief of it. But assuredly there are great works which need to be done, yet cannot be done without solitude and concentration, such as cannot be combined with what is commonly called philanthropy. There is a tale about Martha and Mary. Our ancestors may have been too monastic in their notions of the religious life, but perhaps there was something in the notion of the hermit; more things certainly are done by solitary worship than the world dreams of. If work is worship, it is implied in this proverb that worship is at least work. It was not for nothing that our "glorious eremite" sacrificed work for worship; that the Simeon Stylites of the God in nature, stood there so long "on Helvellyn's summit, wide awake." No other modern Englishman has done so much to redeem us from vulgarity; no other life that has recently been led in this country has so fresh and real a sacredness.

Wordsworth was not only a worshipper of God in nature; he was also a Christian. This may be urged to show that his case is no proof that God considered simply in nature is an object of worship. It may be thought that the rapture Wordsworth felt in the contemplation of the universe would

have been chilled, that it would have given way to a cold, uneasy amazement very different from worship, had not his mind been filled with prepossessions drawn from Christianity. Though his attitude towards the Christian religion was rather that of tranquil reverential assent, than of enthusiastic conviction, still his Christian belief may have sufficed to give his view of the universe a touch of optimism. The evil that is in the universe may have made the less impression on him, and seemed more evanescent and accidental than it would otherwise have seemed, because of his Christian doctrine of redemption and reconciliation. Had he taken an impartial, unprejudiced view of the universe as it actually presents itself to us he would have seen, it may be thought, evil balancing good, and equally inherent in the nature of things, and would have felt no disposition to worship.

This, however, is not the conclusion which is justified by Wordsworth's poetry. He always declares that his optimism came to him from nature itself. He takes pains, again and again, to make it clear that revealed religion does not seem to him to supply a defect in natural religion, but only, one would really think somewhat superfluously, to tell over again, and to his mind less impressively, what is told by nature. The doctrine of a future life, which he calls "the head and mighty paramount of truths," is at the same time, he says, to one who lives among the mountains a perfectly plain tale. He reverences the volume that declares the mystery, the life that cannot die; but in the mountains does he feel his faith,—which means, beyond mistake, that the gospel of the visible universe is not only in harmony with the written gospel, but is far more explicit and convincing. There may, perhaps, be something embarrassed and confused in the joining of his views, but this only makes the strength and depth of his natural religion appear more clearly.

And yet it is not the "argument from design" which influences Wordsworth, though he may have accepted that argument, and occasionally urged it himself. It was not upon curious evidence industriously collected, and slightly overweighing when summed up the evidence which could be produced on the other side, that his faith was founded. Nature, taken in the large, inspired him with faith, because the contemplation of it filled him with a happiness his mind could scarcely contain—a happiness which easily, and with-

out the least effort, "overcame the world." As the scepticism of most men is founded upon their experience that the universe does *not* supply their wants, does *not* seem to have in view their happiness, so the faith of Wordsworth was founded upon his own happy contrary experience. He has unbounded trust in nature, because he has always found her outrunning his expectations, overpaying every loss, unfathomably provident and beneficent. Wordsworth often speaks bitterly of experimental science, and hence it is easy to conclude that he was conscious that his view of nature would not bear examination. But if we look at the passages, we shall see that he is influenced by a very different feeling. He is not one who loves the vague and sentimental; he is remarkable for the distinctness of all his conceptions. A very similar worship of nature led Goethe to a passionate study of natural science. What Wordsworth is afraid of is the injury that may come to the imagination from considering things in isolation and disconnection. Assuredly his fear was not unreasonable. Every study is in constant danger of being degraded by specialists. The eye of science is apt to get intensely and morbidly concentrated, not upon objects, but parts or points of objects. The ardour for knowledge and discovery leads men to forget that things do not exist merely that they may be known, or named, or classified; still less dissected. Such men, when their habit of mind has grown fixed, destroy everything that they may analyze it. They do not merely, like Apollonius in *Lamia*, detect what is unreal; there are philosophers, whose eye kills the truest and most real beauty. To them Sophocles falls into a mere heap of Greek iambs; "Paradise Lost" "proves nothing." They have decomposed a wife's tears, and found them to consist of so much mucus, so much water, so much etc.\* As they destroy unity in whatever they contemplate, so, when they contemplate the universe, they appear as atheists; for they contemplate it always in detail or by particular, and never as a whole. These are the men of science that Wordsworth has in view. It is not their analysis in itself that he objects to; it is not truth of any kind that offends him. He welcomes truth, whatever prepossessions may be shocked by it.

\* "Tiens, dit-il, en voyant les pleurs de sa femme, j'ai décomposé les larmes. Les larmes contiennent un peu de phosphate de chaux, de chlorure de sodium, du mucus et de l'eau." — BALZAC, *La Recherche de l'Absolu*.

This may be seen in his reflections on Niebuhr's destructive criticism of the legends of Rome. What offends him is not that they analyze, but that they do nothing but analyze. And who is there that will deny that this is a real and a great evil? Who will deny that all the play of life and feeling depends upon the large unities which we are able to apprehend, and which work upon our natures, and not upon the invisible elements into which science may be able to analyze them? Human life is gone, if, instead of friends, relations, etc., instead of men, women, and children, we think of pounds of flesh, pints of blood, so much albumen, so much lime. Wordsworth had the same feeling about the unities of the inanimate world. To him the sea was the sea, not merely so much water; it was a mighty being. To him this was a very different thing from personification, though often accompanied with it. If it was a play of poetic feeling, yet he held that such poetic feeling was only human feeling a little heightened, and that upon such feeling all virtue and all happiness depend. Above all, he prized the highest unity. It was those who had no God, in whose minds nothing bound together the whole multitude of impressions that visit us, and whose feelings therefore had no coherence or unity, that he denounced as men who

Viewing all things unremittingly,  
In disconnexion dull and spiritless,  
Break down all grandeur; still unsatisfied  
With the perverse attempt while littleness  
May yet become more little.

The result of the movement in art which was represented abroad by Goethe, and in England principally by Wordsworth, is still plainly perceptible both in the art and even to some extent in the religion of the present age. An age which is called atheistic, and in which atheism is loudly professed, shows in all its imaginative literature a religiousness—a sense of the Divine which was wanting in the more orthodox ages. Before Church traditions had been freely tested, there was one rigid way of thinking of God—one definite channel through which divine grace alone could pass—the channel guarded by the Church He had founded. "As if they would confine the Interminable, and tie Him to His own prescript!" Accordingly, when doubt was thrown upon the doctrines of the Church, there seemed an imminent danger of atheism, and we have still the habit of denoting by this name

the denial of that conception of God which the Church has consecrated. But by the side of this gradual obscuring of the ecclesiastical view of God, there has gone on a gradual rediscovery of Him in another aspect. The total effect of this simultaneous obscuration of one part of the orb and revelation of the other has been to set before us God in an aspect rather more Judaic than Christian. We see Him less as an object of love, and more as an object of terror, mixed with delight. Much indeed has been lost—it is to be hoped not finally—but something also has been gained. For the modern views of God, so far as they go, have a reality, a freshness, that the others wanted. In orthodox times the name of God was almost confined to definitely religious writings, or was used as part of a conventional language. But now, either under the name of God, or under that of nature, or under that of science, or under that of law, the conception works freshly and powerfully in a multitude of minds. It is an idea indeed that causes much unhappiness, much depression. Men now reason with God as Job did, or feel crushed before Him as Moses, or wrestle with Him as Jacob, or blaspheme Him; they do not so easily attain the Christian hope. But with whatever confusion and astonishment, His presence is felt really and not merely asserted in hollow professions; it inspires poetry much more than in orthodox times. A Kingsley looks at the world with the eyes of a Psalmist much more than any poet in those times could. And if men can add once more the Christian confidence to the Hebraic awe, the Christianity that will result will be of a far higher kind than that which passes too often for Christianity now, which, so far from being love added to fear, and casting out fear, is a presumptuous and effeminate love that never knew fear.

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From The Spectator.

#### GEOGRAPHICAL EXPEDITIONS.

THE world seems inclined to try a new method of geographical discovery. In the eighteenth century, and the first half of the present one, though maritime discovery was prosecuted more or less ardently by great States employing adequate means, the work of exploring the interior of unknown countries was usually left to individuals, who spent whole sections of their lives in exploring countries or prov-

inces which had, for any reason or no reason, attracted them. Sometimes a *savant*, sometimes a missionary, sometimes a man brimming over with the desire of adventure, the traveller entered the unknown country, wandered in its villages, became thoroughly familiar with its people, and either perished obscurely or emerged laden with his additions to human knowledge. Almost all our knowledge of the interior of Africa and China was acquired in that way, and to this moment it is the only plan pursued in the explorations of those northern countries of Asia of which, in spite of Russian progress, the world still knows so little. Dr. Livingstone was one of the greatest of these solitary explorers, and he may possibly prove to have been the last of them. A traveller here and there, urged by the desire of knowledge, may enter an unexplored region, but the world has decided that it wishes to acquire its knowledge of the planet without the waste of time involved in reliance on individual energy. It has discovered that in almost all places, and especially in Africa, an expedition learns much more in much less time than any solitary traveller, and its learning is much more easily transported homewards. When a State wishes to reach the Pole, it despatches a little fleet; when a geographical society wishes to find a lost traveller, it sends an armed party; when a religious society decides to establish a mission, it sends its preachers as well equipped as officials; and when newspaper proprietors desire to reveal the secret of the Nile, they forward a little armed brigade—with a yacht in parcels—to the African lakes. When the governments and societies are reluctant to move, private individuals take their place; but they adopt the same method, and Lieutenant Armit and his companions will probably precede any individual Englishman in the exploration of New Guinea.

*Primum facie*, the new system would appear to have all the advantages on its side, and as far as geographical knowledge is concerned, it may be accepted as unquestionably the best. A large party of explorers, well commanded and thoroughly equipped, can traverse savage districts at a pace no individual can attempt, can choose its route in accordance with its objects instead of its wants, and can set the most formidable of all obstacles—the hostility of natives—almost at defiance. It can employ animals, can convey skeleton boats, and even yachts, can transport provisions, and can even, though only for

a certain number of hours, dispense with water. It can cross distances which would appal an individual in reasonable time, and can employ the apparatus necessary for accurate observations of many kinds at once. Mr. Stanley, the Central-African correspondent of the *Herald* and the *Telegraph*, may not be the equal of Dr. Livingstone in any respect, except daring and a kind of dogged fidelity to the work he has set himself, but Mr. Stanley at the head of adequate force will in two years do as much for geographical knowledge as the Scotch missionary did in his whole life. He can go on with his followers where Livingstone must have recoiled. If the jungle is impassable, he can cut a path. If the desert is barren, he can carry provisions. If the marsh is deadly, he can lose a few followers. If the natives are hostile, he can compel a peace by a resolute and victorious little war. His progress is that of an invading force, only to be stopped by defeat; he can sail everywhere upon Lake Nyanza, the inland sea of Africa which Livingstone could only gaze at; cross it, and coast it, and traverse it, when Livingstone could only wander on its banks; and make observations as extensive as he pleases, in a tranquillity as great as that of Greenwich. If he is not stopped by some frightful epidemic, we shall when he returns know as much about the lake-system of Central Africa and the origins of the Nile and Congo as if they were in Europe, and a great deal more than the Egyptians, who ought long ago to have known all about their own river, have ever succeeded in acquiring. We do not know that the object of the expedition—which, after all, is the advertising of two newspapers—though a perfectly justifiable, is a very ennobling one; nor have we an enthusiastic appreciation of its leader, whose character, like that of most successful “correspondents,” “travellers,” and daring adventurers, strikes us as “kinder mixed;” but there can be no question that he will do what geographers want to have done as no traveller, even if he had the enterprise of Belzoni, or the pertinacity of Lander, or the self-sacrifice of Livingstone, could possibly accomplish. His expedition will be a landmark in the history of geographical discovery.

The one thing we shall probably not get from Mr. Stanley is a full account of the natives through whose territories he must pass. The old explorer beat the “expedition” leader there. He had to wander among the people, to live with



them, to be nursed by them, to acquire their language, and if possible to impress them by exhibiting his own acquirements; and if he was not clubbed, or burned, or eaten, he learned in the process to know them as no expedition ever can. Mr. Stanley will know the lakes, but he will not know the people by the lakes as Lander knew the people on the Niger, or Bruce the Gallas, or Huc the Tibetans, and still less as Gifford Palgrave knew the Wahabees of Yemen. The elder traveller talked of "the people," the "villagers," the tribes, but to an expedition all distinctions save friendliness and hostility are merged in the general appellation of "natives." The leaders have no particular reason to know individuals or to court tribes, or to draw careful diplomatic distinctions. Their only care is to ascertain whether the folk in the distance are "friendly" or "hostile" — which means, very often, we fear, cowardly or spirited — to count their numbers, to calculate their position, and then to go on, either fighting or at peace. The separateness, so to speak, of the nations they plunge among are of little more importance to them than the details of a French uniform to a Prussian advancing brigade. They are so many, and therefore will be such an obstacle, or will not be, and whether they talk Breton, or the patois of Auvergne, or Parisian is a matter of irrelevant curiosity. This loss, though inevitable, is important, if only because Englishmen are always slightly hostile to coloured persons without clothes, whom they do not understand, and inclined to lump all negroes together as persons to be managed only by regulated severity, and therefore to treat them in a way which is sure sooner or later to raise the question whether we have any right to explore when exploration is so certain to lead to a large killing of blacks. To our minds, that question ultimately admits of only one reply, namely, that it is for the benefit of mankind, the blacks included, that Central Africa should be explored; that they are in no way compelled to resist parties so obviously on the march, and that if they will resist by the only method known to them, they must take the consequences. The world cannot advance without the ascendancy of the more enlightened, and if the unenlightened will resist its advance by murderous methods, they must be driven out of the way. But it is vain to deny that the question does arise, or that it does on one or two points present most serious difficulties. That an expedition has a right to march

quietly through the territories of the Wavuma or any other tribe does not admit of question, and is as clear as their right to march through England in the same way, if they want to. An attack on them for so marching is a violence, in native opinion as well as English opinion, and gives them, as it would give Wavumas in England, if similarly attacked, the right of self-defence, which in Africa, where an attack means murder, involves killing by firearms. But it is very nearly impossible for an expedition to make long marches without requisitioning food, which food those who own it may not be willing to part with even for fair payment. They may want it themselves, and to take it by force and then kill them for resisting is a proceeding it requires some casuistry to defend. Nevertheless, that is an event which must occur, if not on this expedition, then on others; and we confess the friend who, on this ground, roundly condemned all exploration through expeditions, slightly puzzled us for a reply. We suppose the true reply is the old one, — that the right to food is included in the right of self-defence, and that a tribe offered payment by starving men is bound to share what it has at any risk; but we confess the answer is not perfectly satisfactory. The English should suffer as well as the tribe, and being the stronger, they won't. As far as we understand African travelling, this particular crux never occurs, the villagers accumulating great stores of food; but difficulties about cattle and transport do occur, and are the usual commencement of campaigns of the glory of which the less said the better. Fortunately for all parties, the leader of an expedition of the kind can never, except in extreme cases, be anxious for a campaign — which may embarrass his advance, and must embarrass his return — is desirous not to lose men, and careful about his baggage, and we may therefore rely on it that when he fights it is because he finds a necessity for fighting. All the same, the less fighting there is the better, and the less crowing in newspapers over victory the better, lest expeditions right and praiseworthy in themselves degenerate into buccaneering enterprises. We have never questioned the right of conquest, which is frequently the only means by which whole races can be improved; but to justify conquest the conquerors must govern, and exploring expeditions do not intend government. Geographical expeditions, in plain English, are very laudable and interesting enterprises, which help on the work of the



world; but their members have no right to slay except in strict self-defence, of which, we suppose, but suppose very reluctantly, the taking of food for payment must be held to be part.

**THE ZODIACAL LIGHT.**—During his residence in the island of Jamaica in 1868 and 1869, M. Houzeau assiduously observed the zodiacal light for six months consecutively, and has now communicated the results to the Belgian Academy. M. Houzeau has for more than thirty years devoted great attention to this puzzling phenomenon, and he is fortunate in having now obtained such a fine series of observations, the boundary of the zodiacal light having been carefully determined by him on 56 nights out of the 179. As far as these results go, it appears that the zodiacal light is not appreciably inclined to the ecliptic, and does not approach to coincidence either with the plane of the sun's equator, as Cassini supposed, or with that of the moon's orbit, as Jones has more recently suggested. The slight observed deviations from the plane of the ecliptic are explained by M. Houzeau as results of the greater absorption of the light of the lower or southern side by our atmosphere, which is, of course, less transparent near the horizon. From these observations M. Houzeau concludes that we must reject both the hypothesis which regards the zodiacal light as an appendage of the sun, and that which assigns it to the moon; and since, if it were a ring round the earth, it would be seen as a complete arch in the sky crossing from east to west, the author is driven to the conclusion that it is a fan-shaped sector, somewhat similar to the tail of a comet, spreading from the earth towards the sun, thinning off on each side of this direction, so that it extends to about  $40^\circ$  on the side towards which the earth is moving, and  $60^\circ$  or  $70^\circ$  on the other side. This must, of course, be modified if we accept those observations in which the zodiacal light has been distinctly traced right across the heavens from east to west; but M. Houzeau's conclusions are founded on his own observations alone. For the period of his watch there was a sensible diminution of brightness, the zodiacal light being seen in January, 1869, as readily as a fourth-magnitude star in twilight, whilst by June it was not so bright as the fifth magnitude.

From observations on his voyage to Rod-

rigues and back with the transit-of-Venus expedition, Mr. Burton has been led to very different conclusions. He was provided with a binocular spectroscope devised by himself specially for this work, and with this he determined the spectrum of the zodiacal light to consist of a continuous band with a bright line in the yellow (forming the boundary of the spectrum on that side) and a dark line in the green. This same spectrum was given by every part of the sky unoccupied by the milky way, a most important observation which, in combination with the change of form of the zodiacal light seen when the observer passed from S. to N. latitudes, shows, according to Mr. Burton, that it reaches and probably surrounds the earth. From the spectrum seen, as well as from the fact of polarization in a plane through the axis of the zodiacal light, Mr. Burton further concludes that it is emitted by matter partly liquid and partly solid, intermixed with gas.

The observations made by Signor Arcimis at Cadiz, and published in the *Memorie degli Spettroscopisti Italiani*, agree on the whole with those of Mr. Burton. With a Hoffmann spectroscope Signor Arcimis observed a bright line in the greenish yellow midway between D and E, whose position he fixed at 1,480 of Kirchoff's scale, and another in the blue beyond F, at about 2,270 of the same scale. The former may very possibly be identical with the bright line in the spectrum of the corona, which is at 1,474 of Kirchoff's scale; and Signor Arcimis thinks that the line in the blue may turn out to be one of the bands of carbon seen in the spectra of comets. If these surmises are correct a very important connection would be established between these bodies. Signor Arcimis makes no mention of the dark line in the spectrum of the zodiacal light seen by Mr. Burton, but it is quite possible that a bright line in the blue might produce by an effect of contrast the appearance of a dark line on the green side of it, or *vice versa*, it being difficult at the faint extremity of a spectrum to distinguish the two cases.

Academy.